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## LITERATURE.

*John Bunyan: his Life, Times, and Work.*  
By John Brown, Minister of the Church at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. (Isbister.)

As we have not read all, or indeed one-half, of the lives which have been published of John Bunyan, it may seem rash to state that the volume before us is the best biography of the inspired tinker of Elstow which has yet appeared. The assertion is justified by one fact alone. Mr. Brown has undertaken the task which no one has before grappled with—of finding out what the national records have to tell us of Bunyan and his kinsfolk. All sorts of foolish surmises have been received as truth. Great numbers of persons here and in America believe that Bunyan was in origin one of the lowest of the people; and there have been, and we understand yet are, a few who cling to the absurd notion that because he was a tinker, and gipsies were often tinkers, that therefore the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was a gipsy. That Bunyan was a peasant is certain; but it shows an absolute misunderstanding of the conditions of life in the seventeenth century to suppose that on that account he and his connexions were "low" in the sense that we should be justified in using the term of the homeless wanderers who were wont to mend our grandmothers' kettles and saucepans. The race of which John Bunyan was the most illustrious member had, it is almost certain, been settled in Bedfordshire at least four hundred years before the dreamer was born. The Bunyans seem to have been tenants of Nigel d'Albini, the ancestor of the Earls of Arundel and of other families noteworthy in peace and war. Mr. Brown thinks that it is not improbable that they were of French extraction. They were a prolific stock, and were scattered widely over Bedfordshire and the adjoining counties. The Bunyans of Elstow, who were certainly John's ancestors, though the exact line of pedigree has not as yet been satisfactorily made out, were small freeholders. The court-rolls of the manor prove that William Bonyon, who died in 1542, was possessed of a "messuage and a pightell," as well as nine acres of land in the field. In the sixteen courts of the manor of Elstow the records of which have been preserved—all held during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.—Thomas Bonyon appears almost always either as a jurymen or as doing homage. Had the later rolls come down to us, or, if in existence, been accessible to Mr. Brown, he might have been able to give us a detailed pedigree of this peasant race which would have been interesting for many reasons. He has done much, however, by proving that the greatest English soul that ever devoted itself to theology was not the child of out-

casts, but sprung from forefathers of very humble rank, it is true, but still having a recognised place in the social fabric.

The phrase "village community" has been so much misused by mere talkers of late that we shrink from employing it when wanted. It must be borne in mind, however, that there was in many ways a real village community life going on when John Bunyan was born. The manor courts were then not only in existence, but in full working order. It was not till the middle of the seventeenth century that like the dreamer's giant Pope, they grew crazy and stiff in their joints. We owe it to the great enclosures of the last and the present centuries that they have become the mere shadows that they are at present. Under the old system it is almost certain that in manors such as Elstow every head of a household would be a landowner, either by freehold or copyhold tenure. The miller, the baker, the smith, and the tailor would be as certain to have his little estate as the vicar or the squire. We do not suppose there was a tinker in every village; but where there was one, he would be sure to be an "estated" man. These Bunyans seem to have followed that business as well as farming their few acres for several generations. Elstow is very near to Bedford; and it is not unlikely that much of their business would be transacted in that town.

Apart from the deep interest which all intelligent persons take in Bunyan himself, we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Brown for making the rural life of the past clearer to us than before; for, when we have put on one side all the crude speculations with which politicians trouble us, everything that helps, however slightly, to give colour to the dim outlines of the lives of those peasant ancestors of ours, to whom we owe so much of such goodness as we possess, is a gift for which we ought to be thankful. Bunyan was a plain man living among plain men. He did not often come in contact, till near the close of his life, with persons of rank or high social position; and when he did so the impression they made cannot have been favourable. His tastes were formed among a class which it has been the custom to depict as loutish and ignoble; but mystic as he was, in the highest and noblest sense of a word beyond most others capable of misuse, he cannot have drawn his pictures of men and women without having received suggestions from without. In what Bedfordshire churchyard Christian, Faithful, and Greatheart sleep no parish register will ever tell us; Mr. Brown's tireless industry will never enable him to point to the grass-grown hillocks which cover their forgotten dust; but it is as certain that they lived and died, loved and suffered, as that Mr. Talkative might be met with in the flesh by anyone who cared for an interview with him every market day in the streets of Bedford. Bunyan's great books of dreams—for the *Holy War* must never be forgotten when we endeavour to estimate the greatness of the man—have a value quite apart from their religious teaching or the poetry they contain. They are pictures of the peasant life of England, as true to nature as Shakespeare's kings and fair women; and they enable us to put life into the dry bones of the past as no other book of the time—or indeed

hardly of any time—can do. We know that Mr. Greatheart had served under some great captain in that unconquered independent army which shattered royalism at Naseby. We half suspect that he was one of those who protested against the Lord Protector taking upon himself the title of king. We are sure that he was one of those who through good report and evil threw in their lot with the ejected ministers. Those who know the peasant of to-day are aware that, though his lot is a much harder one than that of most of his ancestors in the early part of the seventeenth century, he still retains the love of nature and the appreciation of prose poetry which glorifies Bunyan's pages. Bunyan did not know what fine writing was—had probably never read any really great book in his life except the Bible, yet there are passages to be found in his obscurer writings which have never been surpassed in their simple beauty.

Mr. Brown draws attention to the fact that Bunyan's mind was not troubled with any of those questions which haunt us who have a thousand times his knowledge of physical law. He might, we think, have insisted more fully than he has done on the fact that, though the spiritual life of Bunyan was spared from one great source of discontent that is ever with us, he and the men of his generation had a special trial of faith from which we are in a great measure free. They had beheld an uprising of almost everything that was holy, pure, and upright in England against a weak and shameful tyranny; they had seen tyranny and tyrant alike swept away, and an honest endeavour made by one supremely capable to govern the land according to justice. Yet all seemed to have come to naught. The land was grovelling in a deeper and far more loathsome Slough of Despond than that in which poor Christian floundered, and there was visible no way of escape. The court with its harlots "and lackies and panders" was not more godless and heartless than the corrupt parliaments. Lord Hate-good, the judge who sentenced Faithful in Vanity Fair, was not more evil-minded than some of those who were then administering justice in our highest courts. Nor did Bunyan's jurymen differ, except in their quaint names, from the men who were accustomed to doom innocent men to death at the direction of those corrupt officials. We believe the truth to be that to mystics of the highest order the chances of the time count for nothing. To the ordinary man of the world, and even to those very superior persons who are ever ready to be our guides, the social and political atmosphere in which they live is everything; for clearness of vision is wanting, and only the immediate present is visible. To men of the stamp of Dante, Shakespeare, and Bunyan the world in which they live, though an object of never-failing interest, is not of overwhelming importance. The assurance that all must in the end go well is not weakened by any casual phenomena such as Barbara Villiers, Judge Jefferies, or Anthony Ashley Cooper.

Mr. Brown is to be praised not only for giving us a life of Bunyan so good that it is not likely to be superseded, but also because he shows on almost every page that he has acquired an accurate and unprejudiced knowledge of the times in which his hero flourished.



His sketch, though very short, of Oliver Cromwell's state church, is admirable, and well worthy of the consideration of the violent political partisans of the present day who talk of solving the most complex and difficult questions in a manner which shows that history has not entered into their political training. Mr. Brown also sees, as few others have done, what was the real character of Lord Clarendon. The man made a profession of religion when it was fashionable to be loose in speech and lax in conduct, and the world has mostly taken him for what he wished to be thought. There can, however, be no doubt that we owe to him much of the permanent evil of the reign of Charles II. With the persecutor who maltreats or slays his neighbour for conscience' sake we have much sympathy, though we are shocked by his perverse ignorance. Pole, Laud, and the American fanatics who hanged Quakers belonged to an entirely different class to this easy-going, selfish, prudent man, whose whole life was a lie, who harried Puritans not because he had deep convictions, but because he thought them a weak and feeble party that it would be easy to crush. Mr. Brown is not so successful in his estimate of James II. He seems to have followed Macaulay too closely. We do not hold a brief for that unhappy king; and we maintain as strongly as the most unhesitating of Whig historians that it was not to be borne that acts of Parliament, whether right or wrong, should be suspended at the sovereign's will. The point of difference between us is this. We think James's conduct evil, but not foolish. It seems to us that the plans he took to carry out his schemes were well laid, and that the experience of the last quarter of a century justified him in believing that they might be brought to a successful issue. With venial and slavish parliaments such as had served his brother it was not unnatural that he should think that he might accomplish anything.

Mr. Brown has devoted a chapter to an account of some of the various editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and has given a list of the languages and dialects into which it has been rendered. The English editions are past counting; for, besides those which we may call authorised, there was a continuous stream of pirated issues. He mentions one of 1768, a copy of which is now before us. It is called the fifty-fifth edition, and is "adorned with cuts" of the most grotesque character. Nothing that we have met with on the heads of black-letter ballads surpasses them in ugliness. The interest of the book lies in the fact that it is said to be printed by "D. Bunyan, in Fleet-Street." Mr. Brown thinks that this may have been some remote kinsman of the author. It has been suggested to us by one who knew much of the ways of the hawkers of the last century that this is a false imprint given to the book to increase its sale among the country people. This guess—for at present it can take no higher rank—is made somewhat more probable by the fact that, as Mr. Brown points out, there is an edition of the *Heavenly Footman* of 1777 printed by "J. Bunyan above the Monument." It is not likely that two Bunyans should have been in business as printers. If these men really existed, there must be some means of

proving it. The rate books of the parishes in which the Strand is situate must, one would imagine, go back to the middle of the last century. We may be sure that if D. Bunyan had a house or place of business, he would be taxed for the relief of the poor. This wretched edition of 1768 is curious as containing an error—wilful or accidental, we know not which—that Mr. Brown has noticed as appearing in an issue of more pretension. Christian, when conversing with Faithful concerning Talkative, says, "Yea, the brute, in his kind, serves God far better than he." Here we have brute turned into brewer. We trust no one will found on these corrupt texts an argument that John Bunyan was so far before his time as to denounce the traffic in intoxicants.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

*Eros and Psyche: a Poem in Twelve Measures.* By Robert Bridges. (Bell.)

THE perennial interest of the myth of Psyche has recently been heightened by its appearance in the exquisite prose of *Marius the Epicurean* (part i., chap. v.); and in this volume Mr. Bridges tries to present to us, in the seven-line stanza, the legend into which, as Mr. Pater tells us, "with a concentration of all his finer literary gifts, Apuleius had gathered the floating star-matter of many a delightful old story." Mr. Bridges has the harder task. The charm of Apuleius's narrative is one eminently capable of being reproduced in English prose, especially in prose "speciosa locis morataque recte," like Mr. Pater's. But to retain this special charm after turning a Latin prose narrative into twelve "measures," each consisting of about thirty seven-line stanzas—this is indeed a difficult problem. The transmutation in form is so complete that the identity of matter almost eludes us; and the "quintessential charm" shifts into a metrical music, "better, it may be, only not the same." If, therefore, I speak with critical freedom of Mr. Bridges's work, I trust that I may seem to have duly recognised its aspiring quality, its struggle with a subtle literary problem.

In brief, then, I think Mr. Bridges has overweighted himself, in this race, with modesty.

"The foregoing poem"—so he tells us in the note appended at the close (pp. 156-8)—"pretends neither to originality nor loftiness. The beautiful story is well known, and the version of Apuleius has been simply followed. Such variations and ornament as are introduced perhaps fall short of what a poetic reader might expect from a poet of this time."

He is right: they do fall disappointingly short of what we expect, and have a right to expect, from the author of *Prometheus the Firegiver*. Apuleius, or, rather, fidelity to Apuleius, hangs like a clog to his neck. We feel that several people could have versified Apuleius as well as it is here done; but that, had he written with a freer hand, Mr. Bridges could have done it better. Even where he expands his original, the fatal stiffness remains. Take, e.g., the following passage (Meas. ii., pp. 16-17) describing Psyche's sire, when he sees her pining in her solitude.

"Whom when her sire, in such distracted guise  
Saw, nor himself was inscient of fate,  
Then of his sorrow he the gods accused,  
And sought if remedy might yet be used  
To avert their anger or propitiate.

"For round his palace like ill-omened birds  
He might see gathered soothsayers and seers,  
Whose omens, auguries, and riddling words  
Reached in unwelcome whisper to his ears,  
With portents happed, and prodigies that shewed  
Strange fates, and aye some heaven-sent ill to  
bode

Unto his house; whereat grew fixed his fears.

"So forth himself he set, and journeying went  
To great Apollo's shrine, the Pythian."

Now this, as anyone may see by referring to the original, is a great amplification of it; but it is expanded in the manner of a prose narrative, expanded with detail, but not with emotion. It reads like a chapter of Livy forced into English rhyme. And with all submission I must say that there is throughout the book too much of this kind of verse—verse without thrill of emotion or grace of phrase. If you put Pegasus in harness, he loses his airy speed; an Olympian victor cannot run in shackles better than another man; and if Mr. Bridges writes, too much under the influence of Apuleius, "a poem pretending neither to originality nor loftiness," he does a little injustice to Apuleius, and a great one to himself. When Mr. W. Morris handled this story in the *Earthly Paradise*, I do not know that he attained his own best level; but he moved more freely and with less self-denial, and reached in a measure both originality and loftiness. Yet I think that, in part at least, some of the defects of Mr. Bridges's version are inherent in the tale itself. Unlike many myths, it is transparently allegorical; and allegories lean by nature towards didacticism, and that in its turn towards tediousness. Perhaps, too, the division into twelve measures seems to protract the tale beyond its actual length: it moves slowly and dreamily. It is a book for leisure hours, and for those fortunate enough to inherit them.

Having said this much in its disfavour, I turn with something more than satisfaction to its merits and to its finer passages. The most delicately beautiful part of Apuleius's narrative, to my own mind, is the description of the viewless ministry and wandering voices of the spirits that tended Psyche when she had been wafted by Zephyr to the palace of Eros. Here, where Apuleius himself is two-thirds a poet, Mr. Bridges is one altogether. Some, if not all, of the following passage (pp. 30-31) might have been written by Keats:

"Then making bold to go within, she heard  
A gentle speech of welcome in her ear;  
And seeing none that could have spoken word,  
She waited: when again *Lady, draw near*;  
*Enter!* was cried; and now more voices came  
From all the air around calling her name,  
And bidding her rejoice and have no fear.

And one, if she would rest, would show her bed  
Made fresh for sleep with fragrant linen fine;  
. . . Or, would she bathe, were those would  
heat the bath;

The joyous cries contending in her path,  
*Psyche*, they said, *what wilt thou? all is thine.*

Then Psyche would have thanked their service true,  
But that she feared her echoing words might  
scare

Those sightless tongues; and well by dream she  
knew

The voices of the messengers of prayer,  
Which fly upon the gods' commandment, when  
They answer the supreme desires of men  
Or for a while in pity hush their care."

It is impossible to quote more at length, but what follows is as good or better. Mr. Bridges, in the note already quoted, calls attention to obligations of Dante to Apuleius;



I presume we may recognise in these wandering voices of Love's palace the prototypes of those which, with a sterner and sadder import, Dante has represented (*Purgat.* c. 14) as sounding on the terraces of the Mountain of Purgatory.

Next to the third measure, from which I have quoted, the finest work may be found in the tenth, where Psyche struggles in vain towards the mountain-top, to fill the vase with the water that bubbles up from Cocytus, and sinks, exhausted, into slumber ere she reaches it. While she lies dreaming faintly of her former bliss in Eros' palace she is awakened by a celestial visitant—

"A hurtling of the battled air disturbed  
Her sunken sense, and waked her eyes to meet  
The kindly bird of Zeus himself that curbed  
His swooping course, alighting at her feet;  
With motion gentle, his far-darting eye  
In kindness dimmed upon her, he drew nigh,  
And thus in words unveiled her foe's deceit."

What a picture, in the literal sense, might be made of that!

The final measure, containing the joyous bridal of Eros and Psyche, strikes me as rather formal and stiff. Perhaps Milton has barred the way against those who would follow him where

"Far above, in spangled sheen,  
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,  
After her wandering labours long,  
Till free consent the gods among  
Make her his eternal bride."

Of the "legion faults" (p. 158) which Mr. Bridges anticipates will be found in his work I have discovered very few. On p. 118 the use of "ordeal" as a dissyllable rhyming with "zeal" sounds ugly; the description of the wound on Eros' shoulder, caused by Psyche's lamp (p. 82), as

"A little bleb, no bigger than a pease,"

may be defensible by authority, in grammar, and vocabulary, but it is assuredly ugly. The list of sea-nymphs (p. 12) forming, as Lord Derby said, "the *élite* of submarine society," is mellifluous in Homer, but not in English verse. But the felicities of phrase are numerous, e.g., on p. 6:

"Eros . . . was Cupid named anew  
In westering aftertime of poets' lore,"

or (p. 99),

"Sleep, the gracious pursuivant of toil,"

or (p. 77),

"The disregarded silence heard her strike  
Upon the solid crags,"

may stand as examples among many. If I may sum up my view in a sentence, Mr. Bridges's poem is partially marred by an undue adherence to an over-modest scheme; but whatever in it escapes this restricting influence is not only good, but very good.

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

*The Kilima-Njaro Expedition.* By H. H. Johnston. (Kegan Paul.)

Not many grants devoted in recent times to geographical exploration have been more fruitful in results than the thousand pounds placed at the disposal of Mr. Johnston by the British Association and the Royal Society for the thorough investigation of the Kilima-Njaro animal and vegetable domain. The

record here embodied of a dangerous mission carried through with great pluck and almost complete success is alone a substantial return for the outlay, and will greatly increase the author's reputation as a distinguished African explorer, already acquired by previous excursions in Angola and the Lower Congo basin.

The work, which forms a worthy supplement to Mr. Thompson's *Through Masai Land*, is conveniently divided into two distinct parts—the first dealing with the general incidents of the expedition, the second with the zoological, botanical, anthropological, and other scientific materials collected during the six months from May to October 1884 to which the expedition was restricted. Thus all wants are consulted; and there would be no fault to find with the arrangement had it been strictly adhered to. But it must be confessed that Mr. Johnston's zeal for science—which on one occasion tempted him to eat baboon in order to study the pronounced taste for the highest anthropoid prevalent among so many African tribes—is slightly obtrusive in places where it could well be spared. Here is a good picture of King Mandara's men in warlike costume somewhat marred by this weakness:

"Most of them had, as a good foundation, plastered their skins with red ochre and mutton fat, and on this had drawn, especially about the face, most ludicrous designs in white. This gave them a look like an English clown, with a dash of the typical bogey that haunts the dream of childhood. On their heads were crescents made of ostrich feathers, or caps of the Colobus monkey skin. This last-mentioned animal (*Colobus Guereza*, var. nov. *Caudatus*) also supplied them with mantles of long black and white fur, and contributed the heavily-plumed tails which these Chaga soldiers fixed on to that portion of their body where tails should rightly appear if man had not dispensed with such appendages. Some of the men wore thick capes of kites' feathers, and not a few had tied round the head masks of ghastly ugliness, with a double face, looking behind and before" (p. 174).

This Mandara, who from previous accounts appeared to be a sort of Emperor M'tesa in those parts, turns out to be more or less of a fraud—a mere kinglet with a realm no bigger than Middlesex, and hemmed in by other hostile states on the southern slope of the monarch of African mountains. Nevertheless, he bears a widespread reputation for a certain rude statesmanship; and our traveller, who pitched his first encampment within his territory, found him fully his equal in diplomatic skill. Wearied with Mandara's continual exactions, he was at last driven to protest, illustrating the argument with the fable of the goose and the golden egg. Whereupon the wily African Solon, after a little reflection and some more "tembo," replied:

"And now I will tell you a tale. When I plant a seed or a sapling here in my plantation, I let it grow quietly at first—I do not pull it up to look at its roots, and I do not pluck its early blossoms or its tender leaves. I wait until it is mature, and then," he added, thoughtfully, and looking straight before him, "if it fails to bear abundant fruit I cut it down."

Mr. Johnston was of course the "sapling," and took the hint accordingly. But before removing to the territory of a rival potentate he tried a first ascent of Kibô (Kilima-Njaro's highest peak) from his station of Kitimbirui

in Mandara's. On this occasion, however, the party got no higher than 9,000 feet, less than half way up, when the appearance of some hostile bands was sufficient to put them to an ignominious flight. During the second and last attempt made from the Maranu district further east, they reached a height of 16,315 feet, close to the snow-line, and within a little more than 2,000 feet of the summit, which has an estimated altitude of 18,800 feet. The natives themselves often roam to heights of 12,000 and 13,000 feet in pursuit of such large game as antelopes, buffalo, and elephant, which are chiefly captured in pitfalls.

Most of these uplands, and especially the Paré district towards the south-east, are described by our traveller as a wonderful game country,

"a sportsman's paradise, a delicious dream of happy hunting-grounds hardly to be realized in this life. Hundreds and hundreds of giraffes scudded before us; herds of elands sauntered along, now nibbling the sweet grass, now trotting off as we advanced. Myriads of red hartebeests, sable antelopes, mpalas and zebras studded the undulating plain, while a small group of ostriches might be observed on our left-hand side, and a rhinoceros stood under the shade of a mimosa to the right of the path."

Altogether, the whole of this region of eastern equatorial Africa between Lake Victoria and the coast is described as one of the very finest in the world, and apparently well suited for European colonisation. Lying at a mean altitude of perhaps 4,000 feet above sea level, it enjoys a healthy invigorating climate, free from malaria, except on the low-lying coast lands, free also from the tsetse fly, whose presence appears fatal to the development of all higher culture elsewhere. Its fertile and well-watered soil yields many valuable vegetable products in abundance, and is especially favourable to the growth of European pot-herbs and other useful plants.

"I might mention my own almost incredible experience with the cultivation of European vegetables on Kilima-Njaro. Immediately after my arrival I planted the eyes of a few potatoes, onion bulbs, and the seeds of mustard, cress, radishes, turnips, carrots, peas, beans, spinach, borage, sage, tomatoes, cucumbers, and melons. Everything [except the spinach] came up and flourished amazingly. In three months' time I had a dozen fine cucumbers from one plant, and so many potatoes that I was able to give them away to my men, as well as supplying my own table. I had everything in abundance in a short space of time. Before leaving I had planted my land at Taveita with wheat and coffee, limes, oranges, mangoes, and cocoanuts" (p. 547).

But where we sow others shall reap. While Mr. Johnston is eloquently urging his countrymen to open up this magnificent country in anticipation of a threatened foreign occupation, an imperial memorandum is presented (December 10, 1885) to the German Reichstag in which it is quietly announced that "the African traveller Clemens Denhardt acquired from the Sultan of Zanzibar from twenty to twenty-five German square miles of land in 1885; and this was the nucleus of the present protectorate, which includes the Sultan's entire possessions." And thus the finest agricultural region and the best health resort in the whole of Africa is

lost for ever to England because the Sultan's territory bars all approach from the Indian Ocean, from which quarter alone the Kilima-Njaro highlands are accessible to European enterprise.

The scientific portion of this work is of permanent value to the naturalist, ethnologist, and linguist. There is an instructive note by Prof. Bonney on some specimens of rocks from the higher Kilima-Njaro regions. Prof. Olive and Mr. J. G. Baker of Kew Gardens contribute a careful determination of the numerous plants collected during the expedition. The lepidoptera and coleoptera are similarly dealt with by Mr. F. D. Godman and Mr. Charles O. Waterhouse; the birds and mammals by Capt. G. E. Shelley and Mr. Oldfield Thomas. Lastly, Mr. Johnston himself ably discusses the anthropological and linguistic relations of this interesting ethnical region, a debatable land for the Negro, the Bantu, and the Hamite, that is, for all the great divisions of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa. The northern slope of Kilima-Njaro is occupied by the still nomad Masai people, who are affiliated, through the Latuka and Bari tribes, to the Nilotic Negro family. Its southern slope belongs to the agricultural Chagas, a branch of the Negroid Bantu stock, which stretches thence uninterruptedly southwards to the Cape. Both the Masai and Chaga languages are subjected to a careful analysis; and the early Bantu migrations are followed, by the aid of the primitive elements of their common speech, from their original home, probably in West Equatorial Africa, to the east coast and southwards to the extremity of the Continent.

The book, which is well printed in a clear bold type, is provided with an Index, some small maps and numerous illustrations, those of plants and animals generally good, those of scenery indifferent.

A. H. KEANE.

*Civilization and Progress* being the Outlines of a New System of Political, Religious, and Social Philosophy. By John Beattie Crozier. (Longmans.)

If there is one occupation specially disagreeable to the writer of this review it is the writing of reviews. To give an account of a whole book, especially where space is sufficient barely to give an account of a single chapter, is to me an intolerable feat of mental gymnastics. The human mind is, after all, not like those machines invented by ingenious individuals for making reduced copies of statues and pictures—a neat device of little squares, each of which is filled up by the picture, in diminished proportions, of the object to be copied. So long as we do not force ourselves into being mechanisms of this description, only portions of any book we read are printed off vividly on to our mind—the portions, that is to say, which happen to come in contact with such parts of our mentality as are habitually sensitive. In plainer language, the portions of the book which refer to subjects already uppermost in our thoughts. A book provokes spontaneously a certain amount of hostility or of agreement. To do justice to it requires that you should reconstruct it, and to reconstruct it more or less from the point of view of the author. To

do this appears to me the highest effort of intellectual acrobatic skill.

I have made the above remarks to explain my attitude towards what Mr. Crozier is pleased to call his new system (the whole title is too long to be transcribed twice). I cannot attempt to give any general account of the system, which, by the way, does not seem to me much of a system at all; but I desire to call the attention of the persons who could derive pleasant profit therefrom to the conspicuous ability of a writer who, if it is not too discourteous to say so, has succeeded most admirably in placing his light beneath a bushel.

The ability of Mr. Crozier does not consist in any startling originality of general views, in anything which can ever revolutionise any branch of thought. It consists in a remarkable clearness of detail vision, in a power of commenting upon the systems of others, and, while explaining what they do and do not think, shedding light upon a number of important subsidiary points. His mind is not constructive, but analytical; not positive (I use the word with no Comtian meaning), but negative. He is, in fact, fitted to be a remarkable essayist. This is what Mr. Crozier ought to be. What he tries to be is a philosopher—one of those terrible individuals who are not satisfied with knocking down the scaffoldings with which others have blocked up the intellectual thoroughfare, but who insist upon erecting a similar sort of imposing and inconvenient piece of intellectual carpentry. Now there are undoubtedly individuals whose genius forces them into systematic philosophising, nay, whose very genius consists in giving to their arrangement of logical planks an appearance of extraordinary stability and dignity, in dexterously hiding the gaps in the arrangement, the weak points where a good tug will bring the whole edifice to the ground. But Mr. Crozier is not of that sort. His system, as he calls it, consists in a series of critical studies, of elucidations of minor points and (if I may be allowed the expression) of dissatisfactions at certain ideas and institutions of our day. But further system (unless it be the conclusion spontaneously presenting itself to the reader—viz., that things will go on as they must go on) it seems to me impossible to find. And, meanwhile, the book remains in the unsatisfactory predicament of being at once thrown aside as unreadable by all such individuals as have a natural distaste for systems, especially quadruple terrors of "philosophy, religion, politics, and sociology," as the title implies; or of being thrown aside even more roughly by the professional philosopher, who exclaims with contempt and anger at the presumptuousness of a mere viewy essayist, a student of other folk's theories, setting up as a systematic legislator. And, in the meanwhile, all the fine critical observation, all the singular acumen of distinction—the power, so to speak, of seeing through millstones, of being in a manner clairvoyant, which would be abundantly appreciated in an essayist—are entirely passed over, wasted.

Mr. Crozier would make an excellent and useful essayist if he would apply himself to the business. But the example of systematisers like Comte and Spencer, of very

personal dogmatists like Emerson and Carlyle, is too much for him. He also wishes to do something radical, renovating; he wishes to achieve (vain wish!), and ends by doing nothing. Let me give an example of this. Mr. Crozier has, in the process of erecting his somewhat invisible system, given us analyses of Carlyle, of Emerson, of Comte, of Newman, which, coming from a man singularly fit to make them, must be found remarkably suggestive by every thoughtful reader; he has also put into clear light points indicated by others, but never sufficiently formulated; the relation of history to the present and to the individual; the spontaneous adjustment of moral systems; the influence of religion upon morality; and so forth. He has, in fact, got together the material for a book of critical analysis, scattered with valuable theories and detached thoughts of the sort, though more ambitious, of Mr. Hamerton's *Intellectual Life and Social Intercourse*. But Mr. Crozier has desired to be a philosopher; he has committed himself on his title-page to a system (and a new system, too!) of universal philosophy; and universal philosophy—philosophy, as he calls it, nothing short of being at once political, religious and social—obviously requires views on religious and social subjects. Now a sculptor may be a very good sculptor, and yet a despicable pianist; and similarly a man may have extraordinary insight into points of metaphysics, sociology, &c., &c., and yet be merely the parrot of the particular newspaper which he reads. Thus, the newspaper of which Mr. Crozier is a subscriber being obviously ultra-Radical, and more remarkable for vituperation than logic, this accurate and subtle thinker condescends to give us pages of mere ranting against the unfortunate English upper classes, of a sort that would scarcely be tolerated in a penny-a-line leader-writer.

Similarly as to religion. Here we must proceed with more respect, for the discrepancy to be observed in this line is due not to Mr. Crozier merely parroting the views of others where he has got beyond his own depth, but rather to Mr. Crozier thinking it necessary to treat discriminatingly of the necessity of religion when he has evidently a natural religious bias so strong as to make his desires entirely override his reason. Mr. Crozier is a believer in science—a disciple in great measure, whatever he may say, of Mr. Herbert Spencer; but he has a natural bent towards religion, confirmed by his long familiarity (shown by a previous work entitled *The Religion of the Future*) with such constitutional theists, and almost mystics, as Carlyle and Emerson. A man thus circumstanced, thus at variance with himself, may utter personal remarks of an interesting sort; but he has no business to attempt the systematic settling of a question which remains a conflict in his own nature. Thus it comes about that, after having expressly stated, and even demonstrated, that in the future religion can give neither explanations of phenomena nor moral advice, that it will, as has frequently been pointed out, be replaced in all its former connexions with intellectual, moral, or social life, by new forms of activity, Mr. Crozier still maintains that religion will be necessary as a harmonising principle: the thing which will have ceased to have any



meaning is necessary to complete the meaning of the deeply meaning! Now religion is conceivable in its old sense: as the explainer of certain transcendent phenomena, or the guide in the higher questions of life, religion spontaneous and genuine: and it is conceivable also (although we may disbelieve in its efficacy) as the artificial semi-sentimental, semi-aesthetical, official imposition of Comtism, a thing elaborately arranged (like the ballet-like religious devices of the Convention) with a view to impressing the public mind. But who, except Mr. Crozier, can conceive a religion which shall neither teach nor counsel, which shall be neither spontaneous nor official, and which shall loom, a huge nothingness, over the things with which it has no connexion, and which cannot recognise its existence?

This contradiction is to me explicable by Mr. Crozier's desire to be not an essayist, but a systematic philosopher. Certain defects of style, a verbosity of metaphorical language, and a presumptuousness of intellectual altitude (the one a bad imitation of Carlyle and Emerson, the other a but too successful imitation of Comte), seem derivable from the same source. Mr. Crozier takes himself too much in earnest to be taken seriously by the public. After which, perhaps, cynical remark, there remains to me nothing further to do than to reiterate, as humbly, but as strongly, as possible my recommendation to Mr. Crozier to write essays; and to anyone who should care for suggestive reading to read those essays of his when written. VERNON LEE.

*The Coaching Age.* By Stanley Harris. (Bentley.)

ALTHOUGH the present age is only half a century distant from the palmy days of the stage-coach, it has almost entirely forgotten the incidents of that mode of travelling. Most educated men could describe the progress of a legion down one of the old Roman roads more accurately than the arrangements by which up to, say, 1838, Her Majesty's mails were conveyed throughout Great Britain. In sooth, railroads have not merely killed the stage-coaches, but they have buried them. Occasionally elderly men entertain juniors with reminiscences of the old coaching days, when the ignorance and misconceptions of their audience are painfully evident. What could be expected when Chaplin and Horne deserted coaching and went over to the railway, and such once-honoured names in home travel as Sherman, Nelson, and Cooper are unknown to a generation which breakfasts in London and dines in Perth? Before the history of coaches and the many floating anecdotes connected with coaching days are entirely lost for the future historian of his country's social progress, Mr. S. Harris has successfully essayed, first in his *Old Coaching Days* and then in the book before us, to rescue them from oblivion. A sympathetic narrator was required, and our author is evidently an enthusiast. We fancy that he entirely sets his face against railroads, like the old lady who lately died in the shires, and who always drove up to London year by year in her chariot, although trains passed hourly through her village. Splinter-bars and coach perches are more familiar to him than buffers or

piston-roads, and a meet of the Coaching Club is the chief event of the season. If his labours should not be appreciated at present, he may rest assured that they will prove very valuable to the future chronicler.

But these pages are in truth full of interest. Not only may the lover of horses and admirer of the old coaches find almost everything here recorded which can be rescued from the wreck of the coaching system, but even the general reader will be amused. Mr. Harris judiciously lightens his chapters here and there with anecdotes, after the manner of the mail-coach drivers, who had a story ready for every country-house they passed. Were we disposed to be exacting with such a pleasant writer, several chapters might be pointed out as somewhat redundant. That, for instance, on "The New Coach at St. Stephens" is particularly out of place, for a political satire harmonises ill with the geniality of the book. The pages of "Horse-dealing Advertisements" are padding which might well have been omitted. In their place, to complete the subjects, some account should have been given of the old towns—such as Honiton—which were ruined by the railways, and more especially of the well-known coaching-inns along the chief highways. The great North road, for instance, is dotted with hostleries, each of which possesses its traditions. A new uncommercial traveller who should collect these would always be sure of an audience. Still, we can travel very agreeably with Mr. Harris from the start in the provinces to our arrival at the Bull Inn, Aldgate, or the Swan with Two Necks. He sets off without any preliminary cantrips, such as were often seen when a reluctant team was harnessed at some country inn. We remember one horse that at such times would lie down, and no amount of coaxing and beating could stir it. It was necessary to bring out a chain and drag it a few yards, when it leapt up and worked well through the stage. The coachman was tolerably easy with his team when he had once got them to gallop. In purchasing horses few questions were asked about vice or warrenry. If the animal could gallop through a stage, that was all that was wanted. The proprietors of the night-mails did not trouble themselves about the appearance of their horses. Anything that could run would do. Mr. Harris regards the coaching system as reaching its acme in 1836. Ten miles an hour may be deemed the usual pace of a coach, though this was often, and habitually with the fast coaches, exceeded. The Bath coach in that year reached London in eleven hours. The London mail ran to Exeter, 176 miles, in nineteen hours. The "Wonder" day coach to Shrewsbury, 158 miles, performed the distance in fifteen hours and three-quarters. Eight miles on one occasion were said to have been covered in twenty minutes. It is amusing to read, in connexion with these figures, that after the Civil Wars both roads and vehicles were so bad that it took two days to go from Oxford to London; and much later four were consumed between London and York. In 1835 Chaplin, the great coach proprietor, had about twelve hundred horses at work on sixty-eight different coaching lines. Full particulars of the cost and profit of coaching are here appended from the actual accounts drawn up at the time.

Turnpikes were a very serious item in expenses, and used to be assessed by coach proprietors at 11s. 6d. per mile per month. Fully to appreciate the coaching system it should be remembered that the mails left the General Post Office at eight every night, except Sunday, and that at their highest these were twenty-eight in number. Then there were all the day coaches. The heavy luggage of our fathers was taken in stage waggons, about 14 lbs. of personal luggage being allowed free on most coaches. Stephenson and the railways at once annihilated the whole system. Coaches were wheeled under sheds at suburban inns, and may occasionally be seen yet—convenient roosting-places for fowls. Some coachmen and guards, if trusty, obtained situations as guards on the railways. Those of the Weller type subsided into bar-parlours and tap-rooms; some of the more lucky saving enough to take public-houses. But few men who drove in the best days of coaching can now be found; and, when found, their memory is very hazy about details of those times.

Delightful as was the box seat of a well-appointed coach on a summer's day, it is as well to bear in mind the discomforts from which railways have delivered us, a more feeble offspring. In addition to the perils which might spring from a tipsy driver (of which Mr. Harris gives us several anecdotes), the traveller was liable to fall off the top of the coach while dozing, catch colds and all the ills to which flesh is heir, shiver through long nights of frost and mist, perhaps to find himself frozen to the seat in the morning. Inside the alternative was squeezing plus suffocation. Valuable hours lost in travelling and exorbitant fees go for granted, save in rare cases. Exhilarating as was coach travelling at certain times, no one need regret it. Fortunately, the whole system is as dead as the Greeks who fought at Troy. Occasionally a pale reflex of some old mail coach appears to take passengers in summer over Dartmoor, and there is still a capital coach running from Fort William to Kingussie. These resemble the ghost of Achilles appearing over his tomb. They are thin, shadowy, unsubstantial. The real article has disappeared along with the hard drinking, the round oaths, the uproarious merriment of a more heroic age. All the more grateful are we to Mr. Harris for resuscitating the past in his pleasant pages without these concomitants.

It is only fair to add that, if any one is too lazy to read *The Coaching Age* (and he might do much worse), the book is illustrated with some of Mr. Sturgess's best pictures. A glance at them at once shows the delights, the incidents, and the perils of the coaching days. They form an epitome of the book, and greatly enhance its value for posterity.

M. G. WATKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

*The Head Station.* By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Chapman & Hall.)

*Her Success.* By Annie Thomas. (White.)

*Mustard Leaves.* By D. T. S. (Sampson Low.)

*From the Silent Past.* By Mrs. Herbert Martin. (Ward & Downey.)

*Under the Mendips.* By Mrs. Marshall. (Seeley.)

*Simon Holmes.* By J. Jackson Wray. (Nisbet.)

THE superiority of Mrs. Campbell Praed's Australian studies to those books in which she deals *on naturaliste* with the society of the old world is explicable on very simple and old-fashioned principles; but there has seldom been a better exemplification and justification of those principles than the present book. Although there is a morbid strain in it, the greater part of *The Head Station* is capital work and capital reading. The scenes are boldly and vividly drawn, and follow each other without annoying "waits" and irritating lack of connection. The writing—conversational and other—is bright and good; and if there is no very particular plot, perhaps there is no element of the novel that can be so easily dispensed with as plot. The characters, with hardly an exception (certainly not with more than two), have plenty of nature and humour, conscious or unconscious; and the whole, in Capt. Clutterbuck's excellent phrase, goes trippingly off. We could, indeed, have dispensed quite resignedly with those passionate pilgrims, the tutor Durnford (an unhealthy kind of creature who maunders about free-love and writes poems to match, which have been supplied to Mrs. Praed by Mr. George Barlow with great good nature and excellent feeling of the part), and the unfortunate Hester Murgatroyd, the convict's bride (who is a kind of compound of Julie and Mrs. Gummidge, if such a thing can be imagined). But they are much more than compensated by Hester's sisters Mollie (alas! that Australians should imitate one of the most detestible of American affectations and spell the pretty old name of Molly in this fashion), Clephane, a buxom and prosaic young matron, and Gretta Reay, a maiden of the latest Australian type, accomplished alike in flirting and buttermaking, equal to any fortune and pretty enough for any. By the way, let us hope that in the approaching colonial exhibition there will be Australian beauties on show. The excellence of their cricket we acknowledge most heartily. Their wine is abundant, is doubtless exceedingly well-intentioned, and some day may be well flavoured. But in sending their beauty to us they have been sparing and infrequent. This should be corrected.

The author of *Denis Donne* is too well practised a writer, and has kept too near to the same level in all or most of her performances, for any new book of hers to lend itself very conveniently to brief critical remark. She has long since found her place and her public, and in *Her Success* she has done nothing to lose either. The fortunes of Olive Farquar (we miss the "h") turn on the old story of calculating beauty which jilts honest worth for rank and wealth, and are related with sufficient individuality in the author's way. But a mad scene towards the end does not strike us as happy. We do not think mad people talk like that.

*Mustard Leaves*, the sub-title of which is "a glimpse of London society," is apparently intended to sting the shrinking surface of English vice in high places. It would evi-

dently be at once imprudent and pretentious for any particular Englishman to take himself as an example of English vice in high places; and we shall therefore only venture a general opinion that if the skin of English vice in high places is much irritated by the "mustard leaves" of which Mr., Mrs., or Miss D. T. S. is the Rigolot, it must be a skin most commendably tender. The book (which tells how a wicked lord and a stupid baronet between them wrecked the happiness and ended the days of a beautiful and amiable Puritan maiden from New Hampshire) is short, and in more than one way amusing. Not its least amusing passage is that in which the wicked lord, Lord George Standish, exhibits to his American friends the three members of the two Houses of Parliament in whom he conceives them likely to take most interest. The author does not seem to have any satiric intention here, and does seem to consider Lord George's selection of the Three Notable Men of the Isle of Britain as quite natural. Lord Tennyson, of course, is one; but we should like to put the other two up in a guessing match. However, as this is impossible, we shall make that unvarnished announcement which in such a case is most effective. The two persons who, with Lord Tennyson, make up the triad are Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Labouchere.

When the reader takes up *From the Silent Past* he begins to fear (and as he fears he thinks of the injustice with which some people have actually blamed Bobadilla for putting Columbus in irons) that he has got another American book before him. But the fates and Mrs. Herbert Martin are kinder than that. The engagement of a beautiful and rich American girl to an exceedingly feeble Lord Somebody Something, and her mysterious disappearance only form the prelude of the story. The feeble Lord Somebody Something and everybody else think that Freda Laurence was drowned, but the least intelligent reader knows better. The tale itself, however, is hardly concerned (except as has been said in the most remote and prefatory manner) with her, and passes on to twenty years after and the next generation. It is quiet and not particularly eventful, turning chiefly on the propensity of the amiable public to make the worst of everything, and enforcing the very excellent moral that if you let your daughter pass as somebody else's daughter trouble is likely to come of it. The book is written in good taste throughout, and is by no means uninteresting.

Mrs. Marshall's *Under the Mendips* is a domestic tale of the kind she usually prefers, with a certain touch of historical incident and of description of actual places. The historical incident she has found in the Bristol Reform Riots; the chief place in the charming cathedral town of Wells. Her word-descriptions of the palace, the vicar's close, and the other well-remembered "sights" of that pleasant little city of the west are helped out by some neat illustrations. The story turns partly on the domestic affairs of the Falconers, a squire's family somewhere in the Cheddar district, and partly on the turbulence of the Mendip miners. Joyce Falconer, the heroine, is a very agreeable young person; but the sketch which has most character is perhaps that

of her brother Melville, a very much feebler variety of John Thorpe, a would-be exquisite and actual gull of George the Fourth's time, who is at last, fortunately for himself, taken in hand by a capable wife with a will of her own. The wife is named Gratian, which surely is an unusual name for a girl. Mrs. Hannah More appears; but we have never been able to feel the slightest interest in Mrs. Hannah More. The riots themselves are not unduly dilated upon, and we do not know why Mrs. Marshall calls Sir Charles Wetherell Wetherall all through.

The sensitive reader who opens Mr. Jackson Wray's book, and finds a chapter beginning "While these incidents were transpiring by the side of Robert Atheling's couch," may feel alarmed. Nor can it with any critical conscience be said that style is Mr. Wray's strong point. *Simon Holmes*, however, is a respectable book, written to a larger extent, we fear, than the general public will quite approve in north country dialect; but with plenty of things "transpiring" in it, both at sides of couches and elsewhere, with sound morals and good intentions generally. Poaching, fights with policemen, discoveries of hidden treasures, brigands' caves, and many other things diversify the course of the narrative, and, except the usual death-bed, all goes merrily at last. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*From Korti to Khartum.* A Journal of the Desert March from Korti to Gubat, and of the ascent of the Nile in General Gordon's steamers. By Col. Sir Charles W. Wilson. (Blackwood.) In spirit this is a companion volume to General Brackenbury's *The River Column*, issued by the same publishers about a month earlier. They give an account of the furthest advance made by two different routes of that expedition up the Nile upon which public attention was concentrated less than one year ago. Each is written by the officer in highest command, who had, therefore, the best opportunities not only of seeing, but also of understanding, all that took place. And there is this further resemblance, that both authors have contented themselves with a plain narrative, destitute alike of lengthy prelude and of controversial comment. Whatever opinion military historians may come to hereafter upon the general conduct of the enterprise, and upon certain particular incidents in it, these two books must always hold their place as supplying trustworthy information of the first importance. But, in one respect, there is a great difference between them, as, indeed, there was also between the two branches of the advance. In *The River Column* the interest was almost entirely military, except in so far as the fate of Gordon always haunted the minds of the soldiers, and finally caused their recall. As we said at the time in noticing that book, its chief value lay in its authoritative description of the material means adopted to ensure success, if success had been possible. In Sir Charles Wilson's journal the military interest is to a large extent subordinated to the personal. Here Gordon is everything; and the actual fighting, severe though it was and full of instruction for the future, sinks to the second place. Sir Charles was not responsible for the conduct of the march nor for the tactics employed, even when accident had conferred upon him the nominal command. His single duty was to reach Khartum as quickly as possible, and to open communications with Gordon—not to relieve him, in the military sense. Into the causes of his failure it is idle to speculate; and it is needless to say in



the ACADEMY that no competent judge will blame Sir Charles either for what he did or for what he did not do. It is as easy to be wise after the event as it is to fling at random personal charges where refutation is impossible. From a military point of view, it now seems clear that the desert march was a far more formidable undertaking than had been ever anticipated, and that on more than one occasion a disaster which could only mean annihilation was imminent. But to say so much is no condemnation of the mind that planned it. Given the conditions of time, by no other means could British troops have been brought so near to Gordon while he was still in possession of Khartum. The reproach of "too late" applies only to the politicians, who called upon soldiers to achieve the impossible. Leaving the general question, which it was difficult to avoid, we can only recommend those who talk and write glibly about it to read Sir Charles Wilson's book for themselves. Perhaps the most interesting portion is that in which he describes his ascent of the Nile in Gordon's steamers, when everything was doubtful, though hope was by no means lost. The actual danger of this adventure—with an uncertain crew, amid a hostile country—seems to us never to have been duly appreciated. And no small part of the credit must be assigned to the marksmen of the Sussex regiment. Not less noteworthy are the comments upon the character of the natives on these steamers (crew and soldiers), and upon the reasons that kept them loyal. Altogether this is a book not unworthy of the reputation of its author in literature.

*North Borneo. Explorations and Adventures on the Equator, by the late Frank Hatton. With biographical Sketch and Notes by Joseph Hatton. Illustrated. (Sampson Low.)* This volumemight have been more accurately entitled a "Memorial of Frank Hatton," than a description of North Borneo. Such at least is its obvious *raison d'être*, and the very natural intention of its author; but the materials for a biography, when the subject has died at the age of twenty-two, are necessarily scanty. The unfulfilled promise may be high—in this case it was very high—but the space its record can occupy, however expanded, must, like itself, be short; and if an octavo volume has to be filled, the record of the actual work done must be drawn upon pretty fully. We are far from implying that this has been done otherwise than legitimately. Mr. Joseph Hatton has already, under the title of *The New Ceylon*, published some account of the North Borneo Company and its territories; and the diary now given of his son's journeys through a hitherto unexplored district is a useful and fitting supplement to the former work. As regards the biography, there will be two opinions. Admitting the truth of the remark quoted from Aristotle, that "it is by works and not by age that men should be estimated," very many people will think the career too short and uneventful, and the material altogether too slight, wherewith to construct a story or point a moral worth the attention of the reading world. At most, they may say, a little memoir for private circulation among the young man's personal friends would have been sufficient. Frank Hatton is presented to us by his father as a pleasant, popular, manly, honourable young fellow, a musician and an athlete, who, after an undistinguished but creditable schoolboy time, developed—besides a considerable literary facility, inherited, no doubt, from his father—a strong taste for natural science. Having received high praise from his teachers in this line, and given practical evidence of his acquirements in chemistry, he was appointed, when hardly of age, to take charge of the mineral explorations of the North Borneo Company. Here, after ingratiating himself

alike with his own countrymen and with the natives, and doing some good work in investigating the mineral resources of the settlement, he was suddenly cut off—having only reached his twenty-second year, by the accidental discharge of his own gun. The reasoning which has induced Mr. Joseph Hatton to give publicity to the simple story, of which the above is an outline, may be gathered without much difficulty from the entire tone and style of the memoir itself. A popular publicist of long standing, if he is of a sympathetic temperament, creates for himself at last an ideal rapport with the public more intimate and intense than outsiders can easily conceive; and this feeling, coupled with the natural desire to save a cherished memory from oblivion, dictates the peculiar character of the biographical sketch before us. At the same time, it must be admitted that the emphasising and iteration of the details of a personal grief, however genuine, approach perilously near the limits which a sound taste and instinct prescribe. Having said this much, we may readily and gladly admit, with the author, that

"the story of the closing days of his brave young life is full of a touching pathos that must have a fascination for all tender souls. Considering the narrative as a stranger might, who had never looked into his frank brown eyes nor heard the music of his voice, I would still, I think, be deeply touched by the brief record of his industrious, heroic, and blameless career."

The diaries of his journeys in North Borneo, though not reduced to form, contain some interesting mineralogical matter, along with many natural and graphic notes of adventures illustrating the character of the country through which he travelled, and some very curious native customs. The warm and general expression of the regret felt at his untimely death, while gratifying to his friends, may well be held to justify—if any justification were necessary—the estimate formed by the father of his son's merits, and his desire to perpetuate their memory.

*The Postulates of English Political Economy. By the late Walter Bagehot, with a Preface by Alfred Marshall. (Longmans.)* A portion of Bagehot's *Economic Studies* is here reprinted in a cheap form. In a short preface Prof. Marshall adds the weight of his authority to Bagehot's remarks upon economic method. "Perhaps there never was any one better fitted to show the real bearing of Ricardian modes of reasoning on the practical problems of life, or to bring out the fundamental unity which, in spite of minor differences, connects all the true work of the present with that of the earlier generation of economists."

The logic of the deductive method, since first it was expounded by Mill, has seldom been restated with more felicity than by Bagehot in his introductory essay. How happily does he expose that "factish" element in human nature, which led a distinguished astronomer to describe the theories of the *Principia* as "mere crotchets of Mr. Newton." We commend to the "many excellent people" who "have very indistinct ideas what an abstract science is," Bagehot's remarks upon the "all-case method," which pretends to take account of "all the facts." Nor did Bagehot's evenly balanced mind neglect that portion of truth which is on the side of those who declaim against theory. No one understood better that the postulates of English political economy do not hold good for countries where slavery, or caste, or savage life prevails. No one has stated more cautiously the "tendency—a tendency limited and contracted, but still a tendency—to an equality of profits through commerce." Bagehot held—with Jevons, and most sensible persons—that "rightly conceived, the historical method is no rival to the abstract

method rightly conceived." Prof. Marshall has done well in rendering these useful essays more easily accessible. He has supplied an antidote to the prevailing plague of loose talk about the invalidity of economic theory. Our readers will not expect a more detailed account of Bagehot's work, which is among the classics of political economy.

*The Irish Parliament. By J. C. Swift Macneill. (Cassell.)* This is a plain unvarnished statement of the constitution and condition of the old Irish Parliament, "what it was and what it did." It is mainly concerned with its condition at the end of the eighteenth century, especially at the time of the Irish Volunteer Reform movement in 1782, and at the time of the Union. Incidentally, however, the previous history of the Irish Parliament is lightly but effectively sketched. Mr. Macneill shows curiously but conclusively that the Irish Parliament, from the beginning to the end of its existence, was a mere travesty of the English Parliament; and that it was used as a means, not of self-government, but of defrauding the Irish of self-government, and by corruption and force maintaining the English ascendancy. It is a short, able, and impartial sketch; but no more effective indictment of the English misgovernment of Ireland and their contempt even for the Anglo-Irish could be framed by the most fervid orator than this dispassionate historical essay. It is well worth the perusal of every politician, and is less than 100 pages of big print.

*The Care of Infants: a Manual for Mothers and Nurses. (Macmillan.)* The cheapness and brevity of Dr. Sophia Jex Blake's little work, combined as these are with full and excellent advice on all points relating to the care of infants which fall within the province of mothers and nurses, make it one of the most useful works of its kind hitherto published. It treats mainly of simple rules concerning diet, clothing, cleanliness, air, light and exercise, the breach of which causes most of the diseases prevalent in nurseries. Although many of its suggestions can only be carried out in the houses of the wealthy, the book would form a very useful gift to parents belonging to the poorer classes, whose children, as is well known, perish by thousands from being improperly fed and from the effects of quack medicines. Dr. Jex Blake has also been at considerable pains, in a chapter on vaccination, to counteract in the minds of her readers the effects of the mischievous activity of Anti-Vaccination Societies. In reference to two articles of food for sickly children—Parrish's chemical food and cod liver oil—she suggests that

"few greater charities could be practised than the purchase of these articles at wholesale rates and their distribution at cost price to the weakly infants of the poor. They are frequently unable to avail themselves of them on account of the prohibitory prices charged by retail chemists, who think nothing of adding from three to four hundred per cent. to the cost price of their wares."

*Evelyn Manwaring. A Tale of Hampton Court Palace. By Greville J. Chester. (Marcus Ward.)* The title-page says that *Evelyn Manwaring* is "a tale"; and if to be genial, healthy, and comprised in one volume, constitutes a tale, then is this pleasant story rightly classified. It, however, contains much of the "stuff" of a novel, and indeed a great deal more stuff than generally goes to the making of a plurality of novels. Not that the plot is at all intricate—not that it bristles with adventure; but because the book abounds in capital character-sketches. Dashed in with a few rapid touches, numerous, original, these character-sketches are liberally scattered up and down the story. Some are but outlined incidentally, and, as it were, from hearsay;

others are mere supernumeraries, who serve as foils to the two or three principal actors. There is Colonel Strong, for instance, "the most tender-hearted of men," who devoted his life to the study of deadly missiles, and invented a wonderful explosive bomb which, after being under consideration for ten years at the War Office, blew the colonel's head to pieces on the momentous day when it was tested in presence of the commander-in-chief at Plumstead Marshes; there is Mr. Moodle, a drawing-room preacher, whose doctrine was "a combination of Calvinism and sugarstick"; there is Lady Lavinia Gathercole, an elderly spinster who "always entered the room with a juvenile skip"; there is Miss Scheimes, a disciple of Mr. Moodle, who says "When one knows one's saved, it's so nice to feel that it makes no difference what one says or does, for it *must* be all right at the last;" and there is Miss Scheimes's brother,

"who held a high semi-diplomatic post on the borders of the Caucasus, and, under threat of assassination, signed a treaty in the directly contrary sense to the orders he had received from the Foreign Office; whereupon he was deemed signally worthy of promotion, and was instantly named a Companion of SS. Michael and George."

All these, and many more, flit through Mr. Chester's pages without bearing any part in the story; yet, in the hands of a professed novelist—of such a novelist, for instance, as Mr. James Payn—they would work half-a-dozen plots, and people half-a-dozen novels. But why should not Mr. Greville Chester try his hand at a sustained work of fiction? That he describes English scenery and English country-life as one to the manner born will be admitted by all who have read his *Julian Cloughton*; but *Julian Cloughton*, though a more powerful and novel story, lacked the vivacious humour which enlivens the pages of *Evelyn Manwaring*.

*Don Luis*; or, the Church Militant. Adapted from the Spanish of Juan Valera. By Ivan Theodore. (Sampson Low.) This book is a version of Juan Valera's *Pepita Jimenez*, the novel of modern Spain which seems to have the best chance of remaining as a classic in the language. Why it appears in English with a different title, and an added sub-title, is an enigma. The story was written after a study of the Spanish Mystics, and embodies much of their language and ideas. The theme is the contest, in the person of Don Luis, self-dedicated to the priesthood, between the spiritual ideal of an ascetic mystic life, and that of marriage with a pious lovely woman altogether worthy of him, with whom he is thrown into close contact, and put entirely off his guard under the supposition that she is soon to be his stepmother. After severe struggles love wins the day, but not without extraneous aid. Don Luis's self-discipline is shown to have been real: he and Pepita remain sincerely religious. There is no mocking at their former aspirations, even when they have chosen what the author evidently deems the better, if not the higher, life. We wish it were possible to praise the adaptor's work. It seems to consist mainly in this: decking out with tawdry tinsel the severe simplicity of Valera's style, and softening down the vehemence and despair of southern passion into the ordinary coquetry of French or English life. Even the confessor becomes M. Ribas. The delicate aroma of saintly mysticism is well-nigh lost; for incense we have cosmetics. It would be absurd to require a translator to go through a course of Spanish mysticism; but *John Inglesant* and *The Little Schoolmaster Mark* might have shown him how such themes should be treated. Meanwhile it enhances our admiration of the original to find that even under

such disguise it is still of greater interest than half the novels published.

*The Valley of Andorra*. By Elie Berthel. Translated from the French by F. H. Deverell. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.) The translator of this novel is the author of *All Round Spain by Rail and Road*, reviewed in the ACADEMY of December 6, 1884. He has reprinted as an appendix to the present volume the narrative there given of his visit to Andorra in October, 1884. It is difficult to review a work of this kind seriously without laying oneself open to the charge of attempting to break a butterfly upon the wheel. Even as a novel the story of Elie Berthel is but a poor one. The characters are hopelessly unreal. The Catalan gipsy's name, "Bourou Belça," ("Head-black") is pure Basque. The description of the storm is evidently modelled on that in De Vigny's *Cinq Mars*, and is far from being a successful imitation. The history is utterly misleading. The ascription of the origin of the customs of Andorra to a feudal grant from Charlemagne is simply absurd. Like those of many another district of the Pyrenees they are far older; and whatever is of real historical interest dates back sometimes to the Gothic, sometimes to the Roman, rule, or even before. The phrase, "in the time of Charlemagne," "in the time of the Saracens," so often met with in these documents, and in those of the municipalities of Southern Gaul, is merely equivalent to our "from time immemorial." The title "Republic" was by no means peculiar to Andorra; and it was less of a republic in the modern sense than many other Pyrenean communities. The term occurs constantly both in French and Spanish in the *Faceries*, or pastoral agreements between the parish from which this review is written and its Spanish neighbours. The Vallée d'Aspe was a republic; there were republics both in Bearn and Bigorre; the Cortés of Navarre and the decrees of the kings of Spain speak habitually of "las Repùblicas" of that Province (e.g., cf. *Quaderno de Las Leyes del Año 1757*, pp. 92. seq. et passim). The term is simply a synonym of "communauté," or "universidad," with which it is often interchanged in the same document on either side of the Pyrenees. They who delight in a thrilling Byronic story may enjoy the novel. The history they may safely skip.

*The Life of a Prig by One*. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) The title is a happy thought, but it is the only one in the book. The prig in question is more of an enthusiast or a fanatic than a prig. He writes his own history; and it is the history of a religious maniac who proceeds from High Churchism to Ritualism, and so on through all the religious-isms, including Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism, &c., till he arrives at Agnosticism and a wife. The idea is deplorably commonplace, and the way it is worked out is still more so. The attempted witticisms are stale and feeble, and in wretched taste. It is no use arguing with a person who thinks it funny to write, "In my bath thought of my first parents in the Garden of Eden," and "While buttoning my braces asked myself, What do I live for?"; but we hope that next time the person thinks it worth while to write anything of this sort he will be unable to find anyone who thinks it worth while to publish it.

*The Opening of the Line: a Strange Story of Dogs and their Doings*. By Ponsonby Cox. Illustrated by J. H. Oswald Brown. (Blackwood.) We cannot say that the central incident of the story, which consists of making dogs construct and work a railway, seems to us particularly happy. But the whole is told in a light vein of easy verse, which lends itself readily to the illustrations. Some of these,

especially where canine and not human traits are represented, would not disgrace the pencil of Mr. Randolph Caldecott. The shape of the volume is that which all picture books should have—a quarto.

MESSRS. RIVINGTONS have added to their series of "English School Classics" Southey's *Life of Nelson*, edited by Mr. W. E. Mullins. Unfortunately the type is rather small; but in every other respect this edition may be highly praised. There are altogether eight illustrations, which are intended to instruct, and not to divert; a careful summary of events has been prefixed; and the editor has given explanatory notes where necessary. The *Life* itself needs no commendation as a present or a prize.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER has this week returned home to Oxford, much improved in health by his six months' holiday on the Continent, and ready to take up work again in good earnest.

WE are authorised to state that the Brehon Law Commissioners do not contemplate the publication of a second edition of the documents comprised in the four volumes already printed under their direction. They have appointed Prof. Atkinson, of Trinity College, Dublin, to edit the remaining portion of the work, together with collations of the MSS. and a glossary.

WE hear that Mr. John Morley is writing a reply to Sir Henry Maine's *Popular Government*, which will appear shortly in one of the reviews.

THE Premio Bressa of 12,000 lire (£480) has been awarded by the Royal Scientific Academy of Turin to Prof. Pasquale Villari, of Florence, for his *Life and Times of Machiavelli*. This prize is adjudged every four years to the author of the most important work in natural science, history, geography, or mathematics, that has appeared within that period. Occasionally it has been given to a foreigner, as to Darwin several years ago.

A FEW months ago the legal power of receiving bequests was conferred upon the Etablissements d'Enseignement Supérieur in France. The first exercise of this power has just taken place in circumstances of particular interest. A lady founded a scholarship of 4000f. (£160) a year at the Collège de France, in memory of her son, a boy of rare mathematical genius, who died at the age of eighteen. It was to be conferred on a student in higher mathematics, on the award of a commission composed of the mathematical professors in the Collège, the Sorbonne, the Ecole Polytechnique, &c. This commission has just made a unanimous report in favour of a young lady of Russian origin, Mdle. Botnikier.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN has sent to the press, with Messrs. Blackwood, his translation in English verse of the second part of *Faust*. We may also mention that the first part of *Faust* will shortly appear in Macmillan's series of "Foreign School Classics," edited by Miss Jane Lee, lecturer at Newnham College, Cambridge.

THE new volume by Mr. Froude, which Messrs. Longmans have nearly ready for publication, is entitled *Oceana*; or, England and her Colonies. It will be illustrated.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S announcements include a new novel, by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, entitled *A Scholar's Romance*; a book by Prof. Blackie—*What does History Teach?*—and a memoir of Henry Bazeley, "the Oxford evangelist," by the Rev. E. L. Hicks.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNNEY announce an English translation of the Letters of George Sand, with a Memoir by Ledos de Beaufort. It



will be in three volumes, illustrated with several portraits.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish very shortly *The Year's Sport: a Review of British Sports and Pastimes for 1885*. It is edited by Mr. Alfred Watson.

THE next volume in the series of "Philosophical Classics for English Readers" will be *Hume*, by Prof. Knight, of St. Andrew's.

CANON MALCOLM MACCOLL is writing a pamphlet on the Irish Question, which will be published by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons.

SOME of our readers may remember the *Phoenix*, an English monthly journal produced at Florence, in 1877, by two very young ladies, one of whom was Miss Mazini, a daughter of our gifted contributor, Mrs. Linda Villari. Her co-editor was Miss Beatrice Ley, who is now about to publish, through Mr. Quaritch, a novel in two volumes, illustrating the peasant life and manners of Fiesole in a pretty love tale, full of the folklore and proverbial talk of the people, with which the author has made herself thoroughly familiar by a residence in Tuscany during several years. There is a quaint archaic flavour in the speeches, and the simple rustic customs and ways of thought which are brought forward in the book betray a derivation from days that were heathen rather than Christian. Miss Ley occasionally dips into good-humoured railery against the "tourists" who fly from sight to sight in Italy, their "Murray" in hand, without learning anything of the primitive life of the people.

MESSRS. BURNS & OATES will shortly issue an historical sketch, by Dr. Lee, entitled *Edward the Sixth: Supreme Head*, containing several facts not on record in the ordinary histories.

MESSRS. RUTHERFORD, of Kelso, are about to publish *A Short Border History*, by Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, author of *In Gipsy Tents*, and editor of *The Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland*.

MR. THOMAS GREENWOOD has in the press a work on *Free Public Libraries*, which will be published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. about the end of January. The book deals with the organisation, uses, and management of these institutions.

A SECOND edition of Mr. McNeill's book, *The Irish Parliament: What it Was, and What it Did*—noticed in the ACADEMY this week—will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. on Monday next.

A CHEAP edition of Mr. Grant Allen's recent novel, *Babylon*, is announced by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It has, of course, been already reprinted in America, and sold for temperence.

THREE fresh Shakspeare quarto facsimiles in Dr. Furnivall's series, photo-lithographed by Mr. Praetorius, were issued last week: the *Sonnets*, with an Introduction by Mr. Thomas Tyler; *Titus Andronicus*, edited by Mr. Arthur Symonds; and *Othello*, quarto 2, edited by Mr. Herbert A. Evans. The first quarto of *Othello* is promised for next week.

DEAN HOWSON's last book, the final proofs of which he corrected only a day or two before his death, was the volume just published by Mr. Elliot Stock, entitled, *Thoughts for Saints' Days*; or, Short Readings arranged for Festivals of the Church's Year.

IN the January number of the *Expositor* Prof. Stokes, of Dublin, gives an account of the discovery of a new MS. of the Gospels belonging originally to a monastery in Patmos.

MR. W. F. STOCKLEY, of Trinity College, Dublin, has been appointed to the Professorship of English in the University of New Brunswick.

ADOLF HANSEN, the translator of poems of Shelley, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and Swinburne, into Danish, has published (F. Hegel & Son, Copenhagen) a complete translation—the first in Danish—of Shakspeare's sonnets. The translation is accompanied by an introduction and notes. The metre of the original is preserved.

THE last "rough list" issued by Mr. Quaritch contains the five volumes of Marriage Licences copied by the late Col. J. L. Chester, which were purchased by him at the Hartley sale. They comprise those in the Bishop of London's Office from 1521 to 1828, in the Dean and Chapter of Westminster's Office from 1559 to 1699, in the Faculty Office of the Archbishop of Canterbury from 1543 to 1869, and in the Vicar-General's Office of the Archbishop of Canterbury from 1660 to 1679. The price now asked for them is considerably less than that for which they were sold by Mr. Hartley to Col. Chester's executor. It is much to be regretted that they have not found their only proper home in the British Museum; for it is difficult to imagine that such copies, so neatly written and so carefully indexed, will ever again be made.

#### AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

WE mentioned, some months ago, a "free-will offering" which certain British admirers of the American poet, Walt Whitman, proposed to present to him. The project was from the first of a semi-private character, no urgent or conspicuous public steps being taken for giving it a wider extension. The result has corresponded. About £115 has been raised, and has been accepted by Walt Whitman with the same cordial frankness with which it was tendered. Any persons who may wish to add to this sum are invited, as in the first instance, to communicate with Mr. H. H. Gilchrist (12 Well Road, Hampstead), the secretary of the fund, or with Mr. W. M. Rossetti (5 Endsleigh Gardens, Euston Square), the treasurer. Among the subscribers are Miss Abby Williams, the late Mrs. Gilchrist, Miss Helen Zimmern, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Darwin, Messrs. E. R. Pease, J. A. Symonds, R. Louis Stevenson, J. Fitzgerald Molloy, George Saintsbury, Prof. Dowden, Dr. Todhunter, Henry Holmes, Henry James, and some members of the Manchester Literary Club.

ACCORDING to the *New York Nation*, Mr. B. F. Stevens will shortly address himself to Congress in behalf of an enormous labour which he has undertaken for the preservation and concentration of historical documents scattered among the archives, public and private, of England, France, Holland, and Spain. These (mostly unpublished) manuscripts relate to America during the period 1772-84, and are of inestimable value for the student of the Revolution in its military and diplomatic aspects. Mr. Stevens has, in many years, succeeded in indexing some 80,000 of them; and his plan "comprises the collection and comparison of all duplicates and variations of these documents wherever they exist, the recording of all points of difference, the cataloguing of all, and the copying of all principal and distinct documents that have not been published, and the variations from those that have." To illustrate the scheme, he has printed a tentative specimen based on a collection (now ready for publication) of about 3500 papers on the Paris Peace negotiations, and about 600 contemporaneous official letters from the French Ministers to the United States to the home Government.

MRS. LYNN LINTON's novel, which begins in the January number of *Temple Bar*, is also running in *Harper's Bazar*.

THE following are the words of President Cleveland's reference to international copyright in his recent message to Congress:

"An international copyright conference was held at Berne in September, on the invitation of the Swiss Government. The envoy of the United States attended as a delegate; but refrained from committing this Government to the results, even by signing the recommendatory protocol adopted. The interesting and important subject of international copyright has been before you for several years. Action is certainly desirable to effect the object in view. And while there may be question as to the relative advantage of treating it by legislation or by specific treaty, the matured views of the Berne Conference cannot fail to aid your consideration of the subject."

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

A MIDNIGHT ASCENT OF THE SCHWARTZTHORN.  
(10,300 feet above the sea.)

I.

'NEATH an uncertain moon, in light malign,  
We trod those rifted granite crags, whereunder,  
Startling the midnight air with muffled thunder,  
Flowed infant founts of Danube and of Rhine;  
Our long-drawn file in slow deliberate line  
Scaled stair on stair, subdued to silent wonder;  
Wound among mouldering rocks that rolled  
asunder,  
Rattling with hollow roar down death's decline.  
Still as we rose, one white transcendent star  
Steered calmly heavenward through the em-  
purpled gloom,  
Escaping from the dim reluctant bar  
Of morning, chill and ashen-pale as doom;  
Where the day's chargers champing at his car  
Waited till Sol should quit night's banquet-room.

II.

Pure on the frozen snows, the glacier-steep,  
Slept moonlight with the tense unearthly charm  
Of spells that have no power to bless or harm;  
But, when we touched the ridge which tempests  
sweep,  
Death o'er the murk vale, yawning wide and deep,  
Clung to frost-slippery shelves, and sharp alarm,  
Shuddering in eager air, drove life's blood warm  
Back to stout hearts and staunch will's fortress-  
keep.  
Upward we clomb; till now the emergent morn,  
Belting the horror of dim jagged eastern heights,  
Broadened from green to saffron, primrose-pale,  
Felt with faint finger-tips of rose each horn,  
Crept round the Alpine circuit, o'er each dale  
Dwelt with dumb broodings drearier even than  
night's.

III.

Thus dawn had come; not yet the day: night's  
queen  
And morning's star their state in azure kept:  
Still on the mountain world weird silence slept;  
Earth, air, and heaven held back their song  
serene.  
Then from the zenith, fiery-white between  
Moonshine and dayspring, with swift impulse  
swept  
A splendour of the skies that throbbing leapt  
Down to the core of passionate flame terrene—  
A star that ruining from yon throne remote,  
Quenched her celestial yearnings in the pyre  
Of mortal pangs and pardons! At that sign  
The orient sun with day's broad arrow smote  
Black Linard's arrogant brow, while influent fire  
Slaked the world's thirst for light with joy  
divine.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

*Note on Sonnet 3.*—The most striking episode in this pageant of dawn was the shooting of a large meteor from the centre of the sky above our heads down into the brightness of the still unrisen sun, crossing the morning star, while the moon was setting far away over the Bernese Oberland. I have ventured to treat this phenomenon, not from the scientific point of view, but as it appealed to the imagination upon that high summit, with all the congregated Alps around us waiting for the touch of day.

J. A. S.

## OBITUARY.

DR. S. BIRCH.

It is with much regret that we record—in the same number of the ACADEMY that commemorates the Leemans Jubilee—the death of Dr. Samuel Birch, the acknowledged chief of English Egyptologists, who had himself just completed fifty years' service in the British Museum. Dr. Birch, who was born on November 3, 1813, inherited his Christian name from his father, a well-known city clergyman, and from his grandfather, some time Lord Mayor of London. So early as 1834 he accepted a post under the Commissioners of Public Records, from which department have issued so many public servants eminent in other fields. His first appointment in the British Museum bears date January 1836. At that time the entire domain of antiquities—classical, Oriental, British, and mediæval—formed a single department, under the charge of Mr. Barnwell. Dr. Birch's early interest seems to have been in Chinese; and, indeed, he never abandoned entirely this first love. He also included within the wide range of his learning classical antiquities in general, and even British coins. But it is as an Egyptologist—in which sphere, indeed, he may be said to have had no rival in England—that Dr. Birch's name will always be remembered. His special devotion to this branch of study was marked by the gradual process of differentiation, by which the department of Oriental antiquities at the British Museum at last came to have its own keeper, and that keeper Dr. Birch himself. We cannot attempt to enumerate here his published works on Egyptology, which include numerous independent works, as well as papers scattered among the transactions of learned societies. We will only mention his contributions to his friend Bunsen's *Egypt's Place in Universal History*, which comprise a translation of "The Book of the Dead," a dictionary of hieroglyphs, and a grammar. But we must not omit—even in this brief notice—some reference to the character of the man. To a wide knowledge of many branches of learning he added a keen critical faculty, so that his judgment on novel and obscure points brought before him was as quick as it was sound. His manner to young students was kind and genial; and he was ever ready to place his stores of information at the service of all who came to consult him.

A work in which he took a special interest was the foundation, in 1870, of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, of which he remained president till his death, and in connexion with which was published the valuable series of "Records of the Past." Many universities and other learned bodies, both at home and abroad, conferred upon him their distinctions. His familiar title of Doctor came first from St. Andrews. He was also the earliest honorary fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, where Dr. Schliemann and Prof. Mahaffy afterwards became his colleagues. He was present at the last Queen's Gaudy on November 2; but his health was then manifestly failing, and his death was not altogether unexpected. It took place, after a comparatively short illness at the last, on December 27. His place will not easily be filled.

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE first number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* (Fisher Unwin) is of interest, not only for what it contains, but also for the promise that it gives of the general character of the new undertaking. In the first place, all the articles are signed—a practice which has now become almost universal in the magazines, though not in other kinds of periodical literature. Secondly, it shows (as might be expected from the name

of the editor) that "*Asiatic*" is to be interpreted in a large sense, with no undue inclination to the special English interests in India. Indeed, the characteristic note of Anglo-Indianism would be altogether absent, if it were not for one article, and that the most notable in the number. Of the others, it can hardly be said that they differ much from what might have found acceptance elsewhere, except that they are here collected under one cover. But Col. Yule's own anticipation of the forthcoming Anglo-Indian Glossary, compiled by himself and the late Dr. Burnell, forms a treat that will be relished all the more because the part-takers of it cannot be numerous. Next in importance we would place the biographical sketch of Lord Strathnairn, by Sir Owen Burne, who was his military secretary while Commander-in-Chief in India. It is little to the credit of the British public that they should have allowed the memory of Sir Hugh Rose to have become obscured on his elevation to the peerage. The article on "The Restitution of Gwalior Fort," by Sir Lepel Griffin, implicitly contains the answer to an ill-judged book that appeared about a year ago on *The Armies of the Native States of India*.

IN the *English Illustrated Magazine* we would call attention to Mr. Ainger's paper on "Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire," which is an expansion of some of the too brief notes in his charming editions of *Elia*, &c. The illustrations, which are worthy of the text, include a veritable *trouvaille*, nothing less than a view of old Blakesware House, while actually in process of demolition, which has been discovered in a specially illustrated copy of Clutterbuck's *Hertfordshire*. "A Hundred Years Ago," by Mr. Benham, and "Gretna Green Revisited," are also good papers of their kind, though perhaps too much of the same kind. Mr. Traill's first paper on Sicily seems rather thin to one who has himself been over the same ground; and some at least of the illustrations have apparently been touched up from photographs. The frontispiece, an engraving by O. Lacour, of Millais's portrait of Sir Henry Thompson, is a fine piece of work.

WE confess that we do not care for the central feature already revealed in the opening chapters of Mrs. Oliphant's novel in the *Cornhill*. But the same number contains a really thrilling story, after the manner of Poe; an ingenious answer to that perennial puzzle, what would have been the conclusion to *Edwin Drood*? and a fine account of the ascent of Adam's Peak, which must surely exaggerate the difficulties.

*Time*, which is perhaps the most rising of all the magazines, contains the first instalment of a story by Mr. Andrew Lang, about which there have long been whispers in literary circles. It is entitled "The End of Phœacia"; but what that means we can only recommend our readers to find out for themselves.

THE *Antiquary* begins the New Year well. It contains two papers of great merit. The first is Mr. Hubert Hall's "Notes on the History of the Crown Lands." This is one of a series; and, if we may judge by the specimen given, it will be a valuable contribution to history. We cannot profess to agree with all the writer's conclusions; but he has evidently studied the intricate subject on which he writes in the grave spirit of a historian, not, as too many do, with the fanaticism of a political pamphleteer. Though we could not, perhaps, quote a passage in which the statement is directly made, Mr. Hall seems to think that what may be called the feudalisation of England began at a period earlier than we should place it. In a question of this kind so very much depends on the precise meanings attached to words that it may well be that our views ap-

proach nearer than they seem to do. Of course, as every one should know who has studied the subject, the feudal systems of the Middle Ages owed very much to traditional custom as well as to Roman law. Mr. A. C. Bickley is a great admirer of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and has compiled a most interesting account of Fenny Drayton, where the mystic was born. The place contains little to remind the modern traveller of the religious reformer who passed his childhood and youth within its boundaries, nor do the present inhabitants, it would seem, know or care much for the great soul that once dwelt among them. Fox, though a religious reformer of a very high type, wrote no one book that has appealed to the popular heart, and, therefore, his personality cannot be so easily realised as that of some very inferior men. There is an anonymous article on Old London, and a paper by Mr. Jewitt on "Quaint Conceits in Pottery"; both of which are worth reading.

THE December *Livre* is particularly well illustrated, though the articles in its permanent part are not of extraordinary interest. M. de Contades's paper on "Les Quartiers de la Dame aux Camelias" (the actual Alphonsine Plessis) is only an illustration of M. Zola's pseudo-scientific doctrine of heredity; but the two plates accompanying it—one a genealogical tree ingeniously wrought into a branch of camelias, the other a singularly well-composed vignette with *encadrement*—are excellent. Another full-page etching is a specimen of the new set of plates for the Hetzel-Quantin edition of Victor Hugo, by the issue of which it is hoped (as is rather crudely stated here) to *achever la débâcle* of the luckless *édition nationale*. We do not like this kind of "dead set," though certainly the planners of the *édition nationale* have been phenomenally unlucky in their illustrations hitherto.

## THE ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW.

THE first number of the new *English Historical Review*, to be published quarterly by Messrs. Longmans, is announced for publication on January 15. It will be conducted somewhat after the model of the *Revue Historique* or Von Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*, dealing with English, American, and Colonial history, and with such other branches of history, ancient and modern, constitutional and ecclesiastical, as are likely to interest any considerable class of English students.

Its general arrangement will be according to the following plan: (1) original papers on historical subjects; (2) unedited documents of special historical value; (3) full notices of the more important historical books appearing at home and abroad; (4) an historical bibliography giving briefer critical accounts of minor works, and a classified summary of articles in English, American, and Continental periodicals, dealing with subjects that lie within the scope of the Review; (5) surveys of the progress of historical literature in special departments, to be supplied from time to time; (6) communications from scholars connected with the great libraries and with other storehouses of official information in England and elsewhere; (7) notes on subjects connected with historical research. Present politics, as apart from history, will not enter the legitimate field of the Review.

The Review will not in any way come into rivalry with existing publications. The intention of the promoters is to establish, for the first time, a review in the English tongue dealing with strictly historical research, open to students in all fields of history, and at the same time addressing itself also to those who, while not professed historical scholars, interest themselves in historical inquiry.



The Review will be under the editorship of Canon Creighton, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge; assisted by Mr. Reginald Lane-Poole and a small committee of persons of known qualifications. A long list of historical students have already promised their support, including many from Germany, Italy, France and Belgium, and—what is still more important—from the United States of America.

Among the contents of the first number will probably be: "The Condition of Historical Literature," by Lord Acton; "Homer and the Early History of Greece," by Mr. D. B. Monro; "The Tyrants of Britain, Gaul, and Spain, A.D. 406-411," by Prof. E. A. Freeman; "The Death of Amy Robsart," by Mr. James Gairdner; "The Repression of the Irish Woollen Trade," by the Rev. W. Cunningham; "A Contemporary Poem on Cesare Borgia," by Dr. Richard Garnett; "Cuthbert Mayne and the Bull of Pius V.," by Mr. T. G. Law; "An Early Tract on Liberty of Conscience," by Mr. S. R. Gardiner; "Letters of Increase Mather and Randolph," by Mr. C. E. Doble; "The Campaign of Gen. Braddock," by Mr. J. C. Wilson.

#### THE LEEMANS JUBILEE AT LEYDEN.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS sends us the following interesting extract, translated from a letter addressed to her by Dr. W. Pleyte, under date December 24 (Christmas Eve):

"The Leemans Jubilee was a complete success. The good old man was delighted with his numerous presents, and with the evidences of respect and affection which were showered upon him. At midday the employes of the museum met at his house, and presented him with a handsome reading-desk, bearing an inscription engraved upon a silver scutcheon. Hereupon F. Herrberg, amanuensis at the museum, addressed him in a few brief words. At two o'clock some forty persons, mostly professors, and all personal friends of Leemans, met at the museum, and thence proceeded to his house, which is close beside the building. I then saluted him in the name of his friends and of all who had offered him the testimony of their respect on this occasion; and I enumerated the many important services which he had rendered to science by the publication of Egyptian antiquities; by his great work in two volumes on Greek papyri; by his contributions to Indian archaeology, prehistoric archaeology, and other branches of archaeological research; and by the indefatigable zeal with which he had promoted the interests and added to the collections of our museum. Finally, I congratulated him not merely as the man of science and study, but as the true and devoted friend, and the generous helper of all who appealed to him for assistance; and I quoted these words of his friend Beets, the poet of the Jubilee—"Long may death spare thy virtues and thy white hairs!" After this, we presented him with the album and with the superb drawing offered by Alma Tadema, the latter neatly framed.

"The academy of Leyden and the Leyden University were duly represented at the meeting, as was also the College of Jesuits, the rector and his secretary being present. Dr. Land, the eminent philologist and orientalist, then warmly commended the untiring devotion to study which had enabled Leemans (notwithstanding that he was not a professor at our university) to do so much for the glory and renown of our Alma Mater. Last of all, the students offered their compliments and congratulations to the "Jubilaire," whose learning has ever been at their disposal in aid of their studies, and whose kindness has endeared him to all.

"In replying to these various addresses, Dr. Leemans said that he had always sought above all else to publish original monuments, in order thereby to enlarge the boundaries of that scientific field in which lovers of knowledge might work together. If by so doing he had himself done less scientific work than he could have wished, he

had at all events never hesitated to throw open the treasures of antiquity that others might study them and profit by them. Having done so, he hoped he might say that he had not lived in vain. He expressed himself charmed with the ovation which had been so admirably planned. Our poet Beets then recited his poem, and Nicolai played his Egyptian March, both written for the occasion; and, well pleased with all that had been said and seen, we each shook hands with the "Jubilaire" and took our leave. In the evening, at half-past five, a certain number of us met again to dine with Dr. Leemans and his family, one of the principal guests being M. l'Avocat Dognée, of Liège, an intimate friend of the Leemans family, who proposed the health of our host in a magnificent speech after dinner.

"As for the album, to which so many friends have contributed, it has been worthily got up. The fine arts are represented in its pages by Beets, Nicolai, and Tadema—poetry, music, and painting. The Egyptologists are present in great force, notwithstanding that Birch and Brugsch are missing—the former on account of ill-health, and the latter because he is in the far East. I will not attempt to give you more than an outline of the contents of this volume, which contains much that is interesting and well written, and even announces some entirely new discoveries. May those friends who have contributed to its pages find no cause to regret the trouble they have taken or the confidence they reposed in us!"

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

CUCHEVAL-CLARIGNY. Les Finances de l'Italie (1866-85). Paris: Guillaumin. 6 fr.

SCHROEDER, R. Glaube u. Aberglaube in den alt-französischen Dichtungen. Ein Beitrag zur Kulturgeschichte d. Mittelalters. Erlangen: Deichert. 2 M. 60 Pf.

##### HISTORY.

FRANKÓL, W. Ungarn vor der Schlacht bei Mohács. (1526-28). Auf Grund der päpst. Nuntiaturberichte. Uebers. v. J. H. Schwickler. Budapest: Lauffer. 6 M.

DUMCKER, M. Geschichte d. Alterthums. Neue Folge. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 10 M.

POUY, Concini, maréchal d'Ancre. Son gouvernement en Picardie (1611-17). Paris: Picard. 4 fr. 50 c.

##### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BASTIAN, A. Die Seele indischer u. hellenischer Philosophie in der Gespenstern moderner Geistesseherei. Berlin: Weidmann. 6 M.

ROSTER, G. Il pulviscolo atmosferico ed i suoi microrganismi. studiato dal lato fisico, chimico e biologico. Florence: Loescher. 9 L.

TOULIA, F., u. J. A. KALL. Ueb. e. Krokodil-Schädel aus den Tertiarablagerungen v. Eggenburg in Niederösterreich. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 5 M. 20 Pf.

##### PHILOLOGY.

ENGELBRECHT, A. Untersuchungen üb. die Sprache d. Claudianus Mamertus. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 80 Pf.

LEHMANN, C. A. Quaestiones Tullianae. Pars. I. De Ciceronis epistulis. Leipzig: Freytag. 3 M.

TERENTI VARRONIS, M. de lingua latina libri. Emendati, apparatus critico instruxit L. Spengel, ed. A. Spengel. Berlin: Weidmann. 8 M.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE NAME OF "LIVERPOOL."

Liverpool: Dec. 26, 1885.

Mr. Bradley's conjecture in to-day's ACADEMY that the word "Liver" in Liverpool is really "Lither" has often been discussed here, and is strengthened by the existence of a "Litherland," near Liverpool.

The neighbouring district contains many Norse names—Formby, Lunt, Meols, Sefton, Thingwall, Breck, Netherton, Everton, and others. This being so, it seems more probable that "Lither" has its Norse meaning of "slope" or "hill-side," rather than the meaning suggested by Mr. Bradley. Dr. Vigfusson, in his Icelandic Dictionary, gives examples of the use of Hlið, a "slope," in place names, and to these may be added Hliðarendi, the home of Gunnarr, in the Njala.

The name "Pool of the Slope" seems appropriately applied by persons arriving from the sea to the old pool (now filled up or covered) with the hill-sides of Everton behind.

J. SEFTON.

##### "CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH."

London: Dec. 29, 1885.

This lady, whose surname was asked for in the last number of the ACADEMY, was daughter of the Rev. Michael Browne, of Norwich, where she was born, about 1792. She married, first Captain George Phelan, and secondly, L. H. J. Tonna, Assistant Director of the United Service Institution. She died in 1846; and there is a memoir of her by her husband, published in 1847. He survived till 1857.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 4, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Christian Constantinople," by Mr. Edwin Freshfield.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Historical Evidence of the Migration of Abram," by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen.

TUESDAY, Jan. 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Story of a Meteorite," IV., by Prof. Dewar.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 6, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture, "Waves," II., by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

8 p.m. Dialectical: "The Pretensions of Women," by Mr. W. G. Taunton.

THURSDAY, Jan. 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Story of a Meteorite," V., by Prof. Dewar.

4.30 p.m. Royal Society.

7 p.m. London Institution: "Cattle of the Past and Present," by Prof. W. H. Flower.

SATURDAY, Jan. 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Story of a Meteorite," VI., by Prof. Dewar.

#### SCIENCE.

##### BOOKS ON ENGLISH PHILOLOGY.

A Handy Anglo-Saxon Dictionary: based on Groschopp's Grein. Edited, revised, and corrected, with Grammatical Appendix, List of Irregular Verbs, and Brief Etymological Features. By James A. Harrison and W. M. Baskervill. (Trübner.) With the unfortunate Bosworth-Toller failure blocking the way, we shall probably have to wait many years for a really satisfactory Anglo-Saxon lexicon; and the preparation of a good handy dictionary for beginners can only be commenced after the larger work has been completed. Under these circumstances, Profs. Harrison and Baskervill's translation of Groschopp's *Kleines Angelsächsisches Wörterbuch* deserves a cordial welcome, although the work is not in all respects so well executed as we should have wished. It is true that Groschopp's book is far from being a complete dictionary of Old English, as it is merely an abridgment of Grein's glossary to the poems contained in his *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie*; but, as the translators observe in their Preface, the poetry is in a literary (and, perhaps, even in a philological) sense of much greater importance than the prose. On the other hand, the poetical vocabulary cannot in all cases be fully understood without a study of the words and the special senses which are found only in prose. We regret that the translators have not thought fit to substitute a purely alphabetical order for the perplexing arrangement adopted by Groschopp, which is neither convenient nor scientific. Another fault, which is found both in the German work and the translation, is the inconsistent and haphazard treatment of the words which occur spelt in more than one way. Sometimes the right plan is adopted—namely, that of giving the definition under the normal spelling, and merely cross-references under the other forms (though, by the way, the form chosen as the standard is often the wrong one). But quite as frequently these varieties of spelling are treated as distinct words, with a different set of renderings to each. Thus, we find—"ætsian, ætsian, to ask, inquire, demand," "ðhsian—(1) to ask, to demand, (2) to obtain, experience, endure;" and "ætsian, to ask, demand, seek out, find by inquiry";

"*cerran*—(1) to turn, turn about, (2) to turn one's self, return;" "*cirran*, to turn;" and "*cyrran*—(1) to turn, (2) to turn one's self, go, return;" "*péon*, *pión*—to thrive, grow, grow up, prosper, be profitable, advantageous, able;" and "*pihan*—to thrive, grow, increase, progress, succeed, help, benefit." The last-quoted form, by the way, is simply a figment of blundering grammarians. If Profs. Harrison and Baskerville had professed merely to translate Groschopp's book, we should so far have nothing to complain of; but as they take credit for having improved the work, they certainly ought not to have allowed such defects as these to go uncorrected. That they have made some real improvements we gladly admit. The Germans have not yet learned how to print a dictionary; and the English translation, with its "antique type" for the catch-words, is far more convenient for reference than the original, in which the definitions are actually printed in italics. Some of Groschopp's misplaced accents are corrected, but this advantage is counterbalanced by a large number of accentual misprints. Other errors of the press are not numerous, though we observe an amusing one in "*fyrnæða*, old friend, devil." The etymological information is a useful addition to the work; but it is often incorrect, and is capriciously given or withheld without any regard to consistency of plan. To go no further than the first page, "*ād*, funeral pile," is said to be cognate with "*Goth. aiths*, Ger. *eid*," these words being non-existent in the respective languages (except, of course, in the sense of *oath*); and, while under *æcer* the German *acker* is (quite properly) quoted, the word *æcian* is left without any indication of its identity with the German *eischen*, *heischen*. Among the definitions we have observed several decided mistakes—some of them due to an unintelligent following of Groschopp, and some of them purely original. *Ôs* does not mean "God," but a *god*; *eruca* is rendered "cabbage and cabbage-worm," a literal translation from Groschopp, who has absurdly mistaken the sense of a remark of Grein; under *clap* the original meaning is given as "cattle." For a German to render *Wöden* as "*Wuotan*" is proper enough, but one scarcely expects to find the High German form in a dictionary for English readers. Messrs. Harrison and Baskerville have overlooked the Addenda (*Nachtrag*) on the fly-leaf of Groschopp's book, and consequently the words *geendebrydan*, *gemundbyrdan*, *weacwānian*, and *unreordian*, have not found a place in their dictionary. In spite of its many faults, the list of which we have by no means exhausted, this English translation of Groschopp will be widely useful. All the same, we wish the execution of the task had fallen into more competent or more careful hands.

*First Middle-English Primer. Extracts from Alfred's Orosius. Selected Homilies of Ælfric.* By Henry Sweet. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) On first looking at these three reading-books we were struck by what seemed a strange inconsistency. In the *Middle-English Primer*, which consists of extracts from the Ancien Riwle and the Ormulum, with outlines of grammar and a glossary, Mr. Sweet has crowded his pages with marks of quantity and other diacritical signs quite foreign to the original MSS.; the notation employed in the passages from the Ormulum being, by the way, different from that employed in those from the Ancien Riwle. In the two Old-English reading books, he has gone to the opposite extreme of following implicitly the haphazard accentuation of the MSS., so that we meet with *nān* with an accent in one line, and *nan* without accent in the next, while here and there the accent is placed upon an unquestionably short vowel. The reason for this difference of plan is, we presume, that

the *Middle-English Primer* is intended for beginners, while in other books the student is supposed to have already gone through Mr. Sweet's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, and therefore not to require the constant help of pronunciation-marks. We think, however, that it would have been better if in the *Middle-English Primer* the use of diacritical signs had been confined to the grammar and the glossary, and that in the Old-English reading books the accentuation should either have been reduced to uniform rule or omitted altogether. No doubt a critical edition of an Old-English text ought to tell us exactly what the accentuation of the MSS. is, but a reading-book for learners is quite a different thing. Mr. Sweet has supplied a real want in his *Middle-English Primer*. The extracts are well chosen, and the author, in addition to a good glossary, has furnished separate outlines of the grammar of the Ancien Riwle and of the Ormulum. The other two books are very good in their way, but they tempt us to express the wish (not, we fear, likely to be realised) that Mr. Sweet could find time to bring out a large volume of specimens of Old-English prose, with corrected texts and a trustworthy vocabulary. The preface to the *Selected Homilies* states that the glossary includes only such words and senses as are not explained in the author's *Anglo-Saxon Reader*. We observe that the glossary to the *Extracts from Alfred's Orosius* is similarly limited, though the reader is not informed of the fact.

*Andreas: a Legend of St. Andrew.* Edited, with Critical Notes and a Glossary by Wm. Baskerville. (Boston: Ginn & Co.) The "Glossary" mentioned in the title-page of this book is conspicuous by its absence, though we find nothing to indicate that our copy is incomplete. The Anglo-Saxon poem of *Andreas*, since its first appearance in the famous "Appendix B," has been many times edited, often with many conjectural emendations due to the ingenuity of the editors, but, curiously enough, Prof. Baskerville's is the first edition based on a fresh collation of the MS. The collation is due to the editor's teacher, Prof. Wülker. Prof. Baskerville's choice of readings does not always commend itself to our judgment, but we are glad to be placed in possession of the MS. text, together with those of all the previous editors. The "Critical Notes" are few and insignificant. It seems absurd to publish a separate edition of the *Andreas* without a full introduction, giving an account of what is known or conjectured respecting the sources of the story and the authorship of the poem; but all that the editor has to say on this subject is contained in the following grotesque passage, which looks like an extract from a schoolboy's theme:

"Till recently, *Andreas* was believed to be the production of a poet Cynewulf. Who Cynewulf himself was, scholars are not agreed. Hence, it matters little whether the author bore that or any other name. It is, however, of some interest to know that 'next to *Beowulf*, *Andreas* and *Elene* are the oldest and most instructive productions of Anglo-Saxon poetry.'"

We shall better able to judge of the editor's Anglo-Saxon scholarship when we are in possession of the "Glossary" which is so unaccountably missing from the present volume, and which is to contain translations of all the "difficult or peculiar passages" of the poem. In the meantime, we must say that the impression produced by such notes as those on lines 301 and 828-9 is about as unfavourable as it well could be.

*Beowulfsquidet såsom källa för nordisk fornhistoria.* Pontus Fahlbeck. (Stockholm.) One of the most fresh and vigorous studies of *Beowulf* that has come from northern scholars. M. Fahlbeck, who is an Unitarian in opposition to Müllenhoff and his school, advances several new considerations with much ingenious reason-

ing. His examination of the historical facts and names in *Beowulf* is probably the best part of his essay, though his theory that the writer of *Beowulf* drew his historical information from historical sources, and set them into the traditional legend whence he wove his epic, is hardly necessary to account for the accuracy of the *Beowulf* episodes. Oral tradition, which preserved the exploits and death of Attila so freshly that they were versified in Greenland at the end of the tenth century, could easily have held in remembrance the outline of the glorious life and death of Hygelac and his compeers for three hundred years. M. Fahlbeck wishes to prove that the *Geatas* of *Beowulf* Lay are the Jutes of Jutland, and he discusses the Angantheow episode with much skill. This essay should be republished in French, leaving out the sketch of the poem, which was merely meant for the Swedish public, who have no translation of the original—a lack which M. Fahlbeck has both the taste and scholarship for supplying. The *Beowulf* Lay has a fascination of its own which will ever secure it loving readers, in spite of the evident shortcomings that keep it out of the very first rank of epic poetry. We could less well afford to lose it than much that at first view seems of higher artistic quality. Not the least notable signs of its enduring and convincing charms are the letters Prof. Earle has been printing in the *Times*, which, though we cannot altogether accept as proving the theory they advance, are a most welcome relief to that everlasting empty babble of party-politics and party-religion which must, in the end, pall upon the new and better-trained generation growing up in England. A real want is a primer of *Beowulf* on the lines of Scartazzini's two famous little Dante manuals.

*Zu der Gesetzen der Angelsachsen.* Dr. Felix Liebermann. (Weimar.) An interesting and careful notice of certain Old-English law treatises from the critical point of view, with texts of "*De Judiciis*," &c. The perusal of these few pages would amply suffice to show that there is still room for an authoritative work on the sources and origin of our English law texts. The work Thorpe and Schmid began so worthily has been but little followed up. Steenstrup's ingenious and too little known *Dane-lag* is the only work of mark on this head. We must wish Dr. Liebermann good speed in his enterprise of making a new edition of the Old-English legal documents. That well-known lesson-book, *Stubbs's Charters*, requires supplementing in that part of it which touches pre-Angvin law. Even the *Constitutional History* does not yield adequate help to the student of these most valuable but most difficult of customs.

*Sprache und Dialect der mittellenglischen Homilien* (B. 14.52, Trinity College, Cambridge). Dr. August Krieger. (Erlangen.) A useful compendium of the phonesis and accidence of the Middle-English Homilies in the Trinity MS., carefully and systematically done by a pupil, as it seems, of the new professor of English at Oxford. One misses a verbal index, which would double the value of the little work. The loan-words of the Homilies, which are very interesting, should at least have been tabulated. Among the few slips are the reference of *gabben* to the Old-Norse—it is simply the Old-French *gaber*, the "b" is doubled by analogy; and the derivation of Middle-English *fielle* from Old-French *foible*, which is impossible. The French dialects seem a terrible stumbling-block to the average Teutonic philologist, both here and in Germany. *Herbergen* and its forms are clearly from the French; Old-Norse *herberga* is simply a parallel loan-word.

We have also received a little book of ninety-seven pages, with the title *Ueber Sprache und*



*Mundart der ältesten englischen Denkmäler*, by Dr. F. Dieter (Göttingen: Calvör), which consists of a minute and well-arranged analysis of the phonological and grammatical phenomena of the Epinal and Corpus glossaries. The author also compares the Erfurt glossary, which he shows to belong to the same (Kentish) dialect as the two others. We observe that the pamphlet, like so many other monographs by young German scholars in this department, is dedicated, "as a token of gratitude," to Prof. Arthur Napier. It is to be hoped that he will find as industrious pupils here as he has in Germany.

#### INDO-CHINESE INSCRIPTIONS.

At two recent meetings of the Académie des Inscriptions papers have been read by M. Bergaigne upon the results of M. Aymonier's recent archaeological exploration of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. The numerous Sanskrit inscriptions which he copied throw a new light upon some portions of Eastern history, for these monuments are not only carefully dated, but also record historical events in some detail.

In Cambodia, for example, a long series of inscriptions runs from the beginning of the seventh to the end of the eleventh century. One of the earliest of these records that a certain personage founded a course of daily lectures upon the *Rāmāyana*, to be delivered in a temple to all who chose to attend. This is probably the only contemporary evidence of the existence of the great Sanskrit epic at so ancient a date, and tends indirectly to support the old-fashioned view of the antiquity of Sanskrit literature.

The inscriptions brought back by M. Aymonier from Annam are still more interesting, though here he was greatly impeded in his researches by the disturbed state of the country. Nevertheless, he has brought back from Quinhû rubbings of about fifty inscriptions taken in the provinces of Binh Thuan, Khanh Hoa, Phu Yen, and Binh Dinh. These provinces formed part of the ancient kingdom of Champa, known to Marco Polo as Ciampa or Cyamba, which extended as far as Tonkin, and from which the Annamites issued to conquer by degrees the whole eastern coast of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. The inscriptions show that the civilisation of Champa was derived from India, and that several forms of Brahmanism were introduced, particularly of the Sivaite cult, besides a Buddhism similar to the ancient Buddhism of Cambodia. Some of them are written in Sanskrit, some in an old form of the Cham language, which is still spoken in the province of Binh Chuan; and the characters used are the alphabet of Southern India. The names are given of twenty kings, all terminating in "-varman," whose reigns extend from 706 to 1358 of the Saka era—i.e., from 784 to 1436 A.D. Other inscriptions, which are not dated, and which are written in a character much more archaic, probably go back to the seventh century A.D., and possibly even earlier. The dated inscriptions are full of historical evidence relating to the wars waged by the kingdom of Champa with Java, with Cambodia, with China, and with Annam. In Saka 709 (A.D. 787), we read of a Javanese fleet making a descent upon the plain of Phanrang and destroying a temple of Siva. The name given to the Annamites is "Yvan," which is evidently identical with the "Yavana" of Sanskrit literature, originally applied to the Greeks, and afterwards extended to other invaders. Finally, several inscriptions, dated Saka 1191 (A.D. 1281) and the following years, bear the name of "Srijayasatyavarmadeva," which corresponds exactly with the name of the king who, according to the Chinese chronicles, became tributary to Kubla Khan in 1278 A.D., and who is also mentioned by Marco Polo.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### INTERCOURSE OF CHINA WITH EASTERN TURKESTAN.

Shanghai: November 16, 1885.

Now that M. Terrien de Lacouperie and myself have some common grounds to work on, I may make a few remarks on his rejoinder in the ACADEMY of September 5.

As to the meaning of Yueh in proper names being the equivalent of *trans*, as suggested by him, I cannot reconcile his views with Chinese construction, and prefer as before to look upon Yueh as the equivalent of Sans-Varsha. In addition to the instances I have quoted, the same word Yüt, in a different form, still represents, in the literary use, the provinces of Eastern and Western Kwang. The word Tiam did not occur in my letter, so M. de Lacouperie has wasted time in the struggle. I used T'am, a term accepted by himself. With regard to the occurrence of elephants at T'eng-yueh, the point was that Tien-yüt was an elephant-riding country. Elephants do, indeed, appear in China in the C'hun-t'sin period, but they were not used as beasts of burden; but, on the contrary, were simply hunted for their ivory and hides. The same may be said, apparently, of Yunnan, though elephants are made use of in the Shan States immediately to the south.

M. de Lacouperie makes an ingenious suggestion that Shentu for Sind is a philological impossibility, because in Persian and Greek dialects the sibilant changes to the aspirate. I note the fact as worthy of record. It does not, however, necessarily apply in the instance quoted. Chang K'ien's (why does M. de Lacouperie use the barbarous Tchang?) mission in Bactria was to the Yuehti (Hiathelah of the Arabs) and the Tahia Tokhars, neither of whom would have been particularly likely to have adopted the Persian style. The former were recent immigrants from the west of the present Kânsuh; the latter, as we learn from Strabo, from the lower Jaxartes. The affinities of the Yuehti are unknown; the others were Scythians—probably, as we shall see below, of the Teutonic family. If M. de Lacouperie will refer to my paper, he will find I have referred Yütsui to Szechuen; for Sui-yüt, he may consult Mr. Playfair's work on the topography of Chinese towns. As to the Mang tribes, I find that Maos or Mangs did reside in the neighbourhood of Sikiang, sufficiently near to Margary's route to justify the general allusion. M. de Lacouperie again informs me I have mistaken Szehai for Sêhai. The charge is too petty to need rebutting, but it is possible M. de Lacouperie's text may be defective.

So much for my supposed errors, which, I imagine, have by this time vanished even from M. de Lacouperie's imagination. Tien-yüt, we may rest assured, is neither T'eng-yueh nor Burma: it may be Sthânesvara, which is all I suggested. I may, however, proceed to point out what seem some misleading identifications in his last letter. The Issedones of Herodotus had nothing to do with Khotan. On the contrary, speaking of the Massagetae (I. 201), he tells us that they dwelt "beyond the river Araxes, over against the Issedones." So likewise Ptolemy places the Scythic Issedon in close connexion with Auxakitis, as if for Araxakitis; while Ammianus finds here a place for his Nazavicium, probably an error of the transcriber for Navavicium or Ravavicium. Now, in the Bundelesh we find the Jaxartes called the Arang or Arg-rut; all which suggest that the Kitis of Ptolemy is simply the translation of Teutonic *wik* preserved by Ammian, and that the district in which dwelt the powerful tribe of the Issedones was Rangwik or Arang-wik, the Arangistan of the Pahlavi Vendidad,

while its people bore the good Gothic name of Westesætons. East of these we have to place the fair-haired and blue-eyed people called by Szema T'sien the Wusuns; as the phonetic value of the *wu* here used was A or Wa, we find them to have been the Vasons, simply the "dwellers." It may be remembered that Arrian (IV. 3), speaking of the defeat of the Scythians "out of Asia," ἐκ τῆς Ἀσίας, apparently from the country of the Vasons, calls their leader Satrakes=Teutonic Sitric, and that Ptolemy places in this neighbourhood such tribes as Suobenae, Alanorsi, Syebi, Tektosakes, Asmani, Sasones, &c. So Szema T'sien tells us, their king was called K'wen-mo or K'wen-mi, equivalent to Kunri, as if Gothic Kuning; that his name was Nan-tau-mi, Nanthorm or Dantorm, and that of his son Tai-luk, i.e., Thorlok. These coincidences would lead us to class the original inhabitants of the lower Jaxartes as of Gothic stock, as opposed to the more or less Iranian type of the Bactrians and the Aryans east of the Pamir.

This somewhat prolonged explanation may account for the fact that the people with whom Chang K'ien communicated in Bactria did not change the sibilant of Sindhu into an aspirate in the latter part of the second century B.C. Commentators, however, subsequent to the time of the Buddhist pilgrims, not knowing Sind as Sindhu, but finding there the flourishing kingdom of Gandhâra, were ready enough to attribute a blunder to the older traveller, and attempted to explain away his denomination of the country by telling the reader that Shentu, i.e., Sindhu, was to be pronounced K'ien-tu, i.e., Gandhâra.

Finally, if M. de Lacouperie will define a little more clearly his statement "that in his paper the first paragraph is mistranslated," &c., I shall be happy to enter the lists with him.

THOS. W. KINGSMILL.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

On the Sunday mornings during the month of January, Dr. Edward Aveling will give a course of lectures on "Science in 1885," at the Athenaeum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court Road, at 11.30 a.m.

SOME stir was made about a year ago by the reported discovery of the prints of human feet in a stone quarry on the coast of Lake Managua, in Nicaragua. They were supposed to throw back the age of man on the earth to a most remote antiquity. The zeal of an Austrian settler in Nicaragua has provided the Natural History Museum in Vienna with twelve great stone layers marked with some of these supposed prehistoric footprints. The stone, in which they are impressed to the depth of from eight to ten centimetres, is a spongy volcanic "Tuff," and the layers superimposed on them in the quarry were also of volcanic stone. The footprints are remarkably sharp and distinct: one seems that of a little child.

MR. MELLARD READE's presidential address to the Liverpool Geological Society, which has been printed as a separate paper, deals with the "North Atlantic as a Geological Basin," and forms a sequel to his address on the "Denudation of the Two Americas." In the present discourse he discusses the way in which the enormous amount of mineral matter poured into the Atlantic is distributed. He considers that deposits, thousands of feet in thickness, are now being laid down at the mouths of great rivers, forming extensions of the true deltas. What appears to be a submarine prolongation of the margin of a continent may, in many cases, be merely a sedimentary deposit washed down from the continental lands.

## PHILOLOGY NOTES.

A NEW monthly periodical, entitled *Modern Language Notes*, devoted to the interests of the academic study of English, German, and the Romance languages, is announced to appear in America with the new year, under the editorial management of Prof. A. M. Elliott, aided by several of his colleagues and assistants in the Johns Hopkins University.

DON EUSEBIO LOPEZ, of Tolosa (Guipuzcoa), is preparing for publication the *Diccionario Etimológico de la lengua Euskara* of Don Pedro Novia de Salcedo. Some dozen years ago M. d'Abbadie, of the Institute, offered to print this work, but without the etymologies. To this the author would not consent.

WE learn from the *Revue des Basses Pyrénées*, that the appearance of M. V. Lespy's *Dictionnaire Béarnais* may be expected forthwith. This work has been long eagerly looked for by all students of the Gascon dialects.

THE *Revue Critique* of December 21 contains three interesting reviews: M. Th. Reinach notices Basil Latychev's *Inscriptiones antiquae orae septentrionalis Ponti Euxini Graecae et Latinae*, which is a sort of "Corpus" published by the Russian archaeological society; M. M. Bréal commends Carl Paul's *Die Inschriften nordetruskischen Alphabets*, though he is unable to adopt the view that the so-called "Euganean" inscriptions are Indo-European; and M. L. Leger writes about V. Jagić's edition of the letters that passed between the two slav philologists, Dobrowsky and Kopitar, in the early part of the present century.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, Prof. d'Arbois de Jubainville read a paper upon "Judicial Institutions and Judicial Authority among the Celts," in which he laid down the following conclusions:

"La compétence restreinte des tribunaux dans la Gaule indépendante avait pour effet la prédominance du système de la clientèle. Les tribunaux n'imposaient leur juridiction que dans les procès qui concernaient la sûreté de l'Etat. Quant aux procès qui concernaient les contestations entre les particuliers et les contestations entre les peuples, ils étaient jugés par des arbitres ou tranchés par la force, quel qu'en fût l'objet, s'agit-il de meurtre, d'un crime quelconque ou de ce que nous appelons une affaire civile. Tout homme et tout peuple faible était obligé de recourir à la protection de plus fort que lui. De là, par exemple, le principat des Eduens et celui des Arvernes. La conquête romaine n'a eu d'autre effet politique que de substituer le principat des Romains à celui, soit des Arvernes, soit des Eduens. Son résultat, au point de vue des contestations entre particuliers, a été de donner à tout demandeur le droit de contraindre son adversaire à comparaître devant un juge imposé par la loi. De là, suppression de duel ou de la guerre privée. Ainsi, la conquête romaine a produit en Gaule un grand progrès de la civilisation."

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, Dec. 17.)

THE PRESIDENT in the Chair.—Prof. Boyd Dawkins exhibited and described a hoard of bronze objects found near Norwich, consisting of palstaves, celts, chisels, gouges, knives, swords, spear-heads, and daggers, with one or two articles of which the use was unknown.—The Dean of Westminster exhibited the great mace and loving-cup of the City of Westminster. In pre-Reformation times the government of Westminster was in the hands of the abbot; at the dissolution it was transferred to the bishop; and, on the abolition of the See of Westminster, to the dean, who still appoints a high steward. The mace is of silver-gilt, four feet long, with a crown at the top, and bears the arms of the dean and chapter, and of Charles Butler, Earl of Arran, high steward from 1715 to 1718, surrounded by a garter. This is an error, for though

his father was a knight of the garter he himself was not. This mace is popularly supposed to be that removed from the House of Commons by Oliver Cromwell; but it is not, in fact, so old. The standing cup is twenty-eight inches high, of silver-gilt, and bears the hall-mark of 1604. It was presented by Maurice Pickering and Joan, his wife, in 1608. Pickering was the keeper of the Gate-house Prison at Westminster in the reign of Elizabeth. The cover is of later date, having the hall-mark of 1677-8.—Mr. St. John Hope exhibited the mace of the boroughs of Milton and Gravesend. It is of silver-gilt, measuring four feet eight inches in length—the largest but one in England. It bears the arms of Gravesend and the name of the mayor in 1709. It resembles the Westminster mace so closely that it was probably made by the same workman. It appears, from the borough accounts, that it cost £97.—Dr. Evans exhibited a puzzle latch of iron of the beginning of the sixteenth century, which had no apparent handle, but was opened by moving what seemed to be part of the fixed frame-work.—Mr. Westlake exhibited a box of Limoges enamel, with a representation of the dead Christ, and a glass beaker with armorial bearings of the holy Roman empire.—Mr. Trist exhibited an Italian silver-gilt ring of the seventeenth century, formed of two female figures and set in ruby.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, Dec. 17.)

OSCAR BROWNING, Esq., in the Chair.—Mr. Hubert Hall read a paper on "The Imperial Policy of Elizabeth; from the State Papers, Foreign and Domestic." Starting with the proposition that the Imperial policy of Elizabeth was feeble and treacherous abroad as well as unwise and cruel at home, he adduced evidence from the State papers in support of his views. He contended that an examination of the relations of England with the three hostile Catholic Governments of Scotland, France, and Spain during the early part of the reign clearly proved the vacillating policy instinctively pursued by the Queen in preference to the straightforward measures advocated by her ministers and eagerly demanded by her people. In every one of the above countries the reforming party was alternately supported and discountenanced by Elizabeth, with the result that the power of resistance to their oppressors was paralysed and they fell easy victims to the executioner. Mr. Hall laid stress on the fact that Elizabeth was undoubtedly influenced in each case by her personal prejudices against the civil and religious creeds of the Protestant party. The domestic government of the reign he considered to be but the reflection of this mistaken foreign policy, especially in the matter of the two burning questions of the Queen's marriage and Church government. The gravest aspect of the case, however, was the evil effects produced upon the political morality of the next generation through the enforced continuance of the Spanish and Popish scare which had become graven on the minds of the nation during the terrible period of danger and uncertainty, and which was even further developed for party purposes at a much later date. A discussion followed, in which the Rev. W. Cunningham, Messrs. Ald. Hurst, Hyde Clarke, James Judd, and the Chairman took part.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Dec. 19.)

J. H. TUCKER, Esq., in the Chair.—"Romeo and Juliet" was the play for consideration.—A paper by Mr. Leo. H. Grindon, on "The Botany of 'Romeo and Juliet,'" was read, in which he stated that it was strange that, in a play devoted to the tenderness of the passions, only one flower, the rose, is mentioned, and that only in the metaphors of every-day speech. There are, however, many references to plants and plant-products; but it is not likely that Shakspeare obtained his knowledge of sycamore or pomegranate tree from personal observation. The poetry which unites the incomparable note of the nightingale to the green and scarlet of the pomegranate tree is of the most delightful character. There is abundant evidence of the ancient importation into this country of dried fruits. After many references Mr. Grindon said that, in the presence of passion so fervent and so picturesquely displayed, we can afford to dis-

pense with much botanical allusion. The charm, here and always, of Shakspeare is that no allusion is ever introduced for the sake of effect, or to fill a gap, or eke out a line or a sentence; but that, let the reference be what it may, to plant or flower, it is like the smile on the face of a happy child.—Mr. G. Munro Smith read "Notes on the Characters in 'Romeo and Juliet,'" saying that the reverential feeling that all Shakspeare's men and women were perfectly consistent wholes gives rise to occasional attempts to reconcile contradictions; it was especially so in this play, and accounted for the failure of every effort to represent it on the stage. In discussing the characters it must be realised that this play, in which there are more carefully studied and beautiful expressions than in any other of Shakspeare's plays, is an Italian July romance-tragedy. Mercutio is the most solid person in the play, but he is too garrulous and too fond of moralising. His constant and somewhat forced hilarity suggests that he had gone through some unpleasant history. The Capulets are a very objectionable couple, and if the Montagues were at all like them Verona must have been a very unpleasant place to live in, as these two families seem to have monopolised the streets. Friar Laurence has less personality than almost any other Shaksperian character. Peter we see and Tybalt we can remember; but the good Friar is merely a cowl stuffed with good sentiments, a knowledge of botany, and helpful counsels to piousness. Paris is a bit of a coxcomb, but does everything in a gentlemanly way. His affection for Juliet is of the most frigid character, probably with dread at the prospect of such a mother-in-law. His observations when Juliet is thought to be dead show his conventionality, and that he speaks because he thinks something is expected of him on the occasion. At this time the Nurse's stupidity is conspicuous, and she, taken altogether, is as bad as she dares to be. Juliet cannot be judged by any English standard. When difficulties are thrown in her way she becomes a heroine. Benvolio, as the sensible man of the piece, deserves our hearty respect. When all has been said in favour of Romeo that can be said the old charge of fickleness must remain. He would probably have got tired of Juliet in a very short time. Miss Hickey, in a paper before the New Shakspeare Society, said, "Romeo was one of the most lovable of Shakspeare's characters"; but the criticism of *Punch* seemed more accurate, which said "That, perhaps with the exception of Werther, there is no such contemptible nincompoop in romantic fiction." Nevertheless, we shall go on liking to read about these men and women; but it must be as personages in a romantic story, and not as individuals in a play fit for stage representation.—A paper by Dr. J. E. Shaw on "The Nurse" was read, showing that there is no foundation for the statement that the original of the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" is to be found in Marlowe's "Dido." Whatever literary merit there may be in Marlowe's lines, display of character in a few words was certainly not one of his strong points. The Nurse in "Dido" speaks but a few lines, and is a personage foolish and faintly shadowed forth, while the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" is drawn by the hand of a master, dominates the whole play, and is a representative of some living being that each one knows. There can be no doubt that Shakspeare drew his inspiration from Arthur Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet," in which the originals not only of the characters, but also of the incidents, and even the language, of Shakspeare's play are to be found in close resemblance. Nothing gives greater proof of the overwhelming mastery of Shakspeare's genius than to observe with what fidelity he can dramatise another author's composition, while so cunningly in language, morals, and sentiment, that the two works differ to such a degree that they hardly admit of comparison. It is quite certain that, although Shakspeare was not indebted to Marlowe for the character of the Nurse, he was well acquainted with much of Marlowe's writing, and there are certain expressions in "Romeo and Juliet" which seem to show that he had read "Dido, Queen of Carthage."—Mr. W. Prowse gave a communication on "Juliet and the Nurse," maintaining that, to a girl of such exalted sensibility as Juliet, love at first sight is the only kind possible; and that the Nurse is the completest of characters, true to the life as an



arch-babbler.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read a paper on "Romeo and Rosaline," showing that Romeo's references to Rosaline demonstrate his conceit and self-importance, although there are some passages which make us think he was really attached to her, thus making his sudden desertion of her quite unjustifiable. Had the news of his attachment reached Juliet's ears at the ball she might have been more on her guard, and so have been saved from the catastrophe of that fearful week when Rosaline, amid all her grief for her ill-fated cousin, must have congratulated herself that she had been able to repel the advances of that very feeble youth. If, as the victim of unrequited love, Romeo had acted for Rosaline as he did for Juliet, we might have pitied him, and, perhaps, not have grudged him an out-of-the-way niche in the temple of self-sacrificing heroes; but now we must look upon him as a warning for all posterity against mock sentimentalism of the worst kind, involving, as it did, the ruin of others as well as himself. The whole play is a homily against the idiotic practice of falling in so-called love with pretty faces, and against the attempt of fathers to force their daughters into unwilling marriages.

## FINE ART.

## A PLAN OF ROME OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

*Notice sur un plan inédit de Rome à la fin du XIV<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par Eugène Müntz. (Paris: Lévy.)

AMONG the many periods when the buildings of ancient Rome suffered from wilful destruction none was more fatal than the end of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth century—a time of great architectural activity, during which the growing love for classical sculpture had not yet extended into an appreciation of the then plentiful remains of classical architecture. Great as had been the destruction perpetrated throughout the earlier Middle Ages, when the rich marbles of ancient Rome were only regarded as materials for lime to make mortar and concrete, yet the previous damage done was comparatively slow and partial by the side of the wholesale devastation that took place during that era of luxurious palace-building which began about the middle of the fifteenth century with the erection of Cardinal Barbo's (Paul II.) great palace, afterwards the property of the Venetian state, and still known as the Palazzo di Venezia. The splendid but incomplete *cortile* of this magnificent building is built of travertine stolen from the outer arcades of the Colosseum—the first inroad made on the completeness of the amphitheatre, but unhappily not the last, as many more of its arches were pulled down in the following century to supply stone for Michelangelo's and Della Porta's sumptuous Farnese Palace. In the same way Bramante, with all his admiration of classic architecture, acted in no less barbarous a fashion when he destroyed a great part of Pompey's grand porticus in order to use its granite columns and travertine walls for his new palace for Cardinal Riario, now called the Palazzo della Cancelleria.

These are only a few among the countless instances of wanton destruction of the noble relics of ancient Rome, which happened just before the dawn of a real artistic and archaeological interest in all belonging to the period of Rome's highest development. It is interesting to note that, though such widely intelligent men as Bramante and Michelangelo cared but little to save these classic treasures, yet Raphael, as early as 1518, wrote a most eloquent appeal for the preservation

of all ancient buildings to Pope Leo X., combined with a report on the state of all ancient structures then existing in Rome. This letter was so far successful for the time that the Pope gave orders that no more ancient buildings should be used as quarries; and, had it not been for Raphael's premature death in 1520, much which is now lost would have been spared to us. Unhappily, succeeding popes cared less for classic Rome than did the scholarly Leo X.; and the work of destruction, checked for a time, again went on with undiminished vigour.

The result of all this is that the student of ancient Rome turns with special interest to any drawings of the city which were made before the fatal period we have just mentioned; and an immense deal of valuable information about buildings now wholly or partly lost is to be gained from old pictures, whether in MSS., frescos, or oil paintings. The most important record of this kind which exists is a large oil painting, of about the year 1500 or soon after, which is now preserved at Mantua. This represents a bird's-eye view of Rome treated in the usual conventional way, with exaggerated prominence given to the chief ancient buildings. This valuable painting shows us, for example, that the Circus Maximus was once surrounded with a series of arcades closely resembling those of the Colosseum, of which no trace whatever now exists. It shows, too, how the present massive, but quite plain, back of the Basilica of Constantine was once richly ornamented with marble linings and arches in two orders resting on granite columns. A great many other important facts relating to the ancient buildings of Rome are recorded in this picture. The Commendatore de Rossi, among his many valuable works, has done good service to the student of Roman archaeology by publishing copies of the Mantuan picture, and other old representations of Rome, in a work entitled *Piante di Roma anteriori al XVI<sup>e</sup> Secolo* (Rome, 1879). One interesting view had, however, escaped him, and this M. Eugène Müntz has published in facsimile with illustrative text as a supplement to De Rossi's work.

M. Müntz's plan is taken from a fine illuminated MS. Book of Hours in the Duc d'Aumale's library, which appears to have been executed shortly before the year 1400 for the Duc de Berry, probably by a Florentine miniaturist. The birds'-eye view of Rome which this beautiful MS. contains, forms a full-page miniature, and is executed with great minuteness; but the city is represented in so very conventional a manner that it can hardly have been the work of an artist who was personally acquainted with the place. The enclosing wall of Aurelian forms in the miniature almost an exact circle, very unlike its real shape, and consequently the relative positions of the different buildings are given far from accurately. It is, however, possible to distinguish the chief features of the city. Near the centre of the city is the Capitoline hill, distinguishable mainly by its long flight of steps leading up to the church of Ara Coeli on the Arx. These steps were built not many years before the date of this MS., out of marble taken from one of the many ancient temples which once crowned this double hill. On the other side of the hill, the Capitolium proper, lofty

wooden gallows, from which a man is hanging, are conspicuous in the miniature.

The still existing pyramid of Caius Cestius is clearly shown in its position on the line of the Aurelian wall, and another similar tomb-pyramid is also represented which stood midway between the Vatican and the castle of S. Angelo till the end of the fifteenth century. It was destroyed by Alexander VI. (Borgia) during his rebuilding of the long covered bridge which united the papal palace with the castle. This pyramid was popularly known as "the tomb of Romulus," or "Memoria Romuli," by which name it is mentioned in Petrarch's letters. It was probably of the early imperial age—judging, at least, from the careful representation of it on the magnificent bronze doors of St. Peter's, made by the Florentines, Antonio Filarete and Simone di Ghini, in the middle of the fifteenth century—one of the few relics of the old basilica of St. Peter which still exist.

Another point of interest shown in M. Müntz's picture, as well as in other old views of Rome, is that the chief bridge of Rome were defended at each end by arched gateways flanked by towers, of which no trace now exists. Those shown in this MS. are possibly of mediæval date, but, if so, they probably occupy the place of earlier classical gateways. One bridge, the Pons Cestius, restored by Valentinianus in 370, could be blocked by a movable wooden bar, as is shown by the grooves which still exist in the marble parapet at each side.

The artist who painted this picture was, however, more interested in the buildings of Christian than of Classical Rome. He shows with much minuteness and elaboration the great papal palaces of the Vatican and the Lateran, and also the basilica of S. Paolo fuori le mura, the latter brought close up to the walls in order to get it into the picture. The bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius is shown, not by the Lateran, where it stood in the fourteenth century, but close to the Colosseum. Its introduction in so conspicuous a way by the probably monkish artist is most likely due to the fact that it was in his time thought to be a portrait of the first Christian emperor, Constantine—a lucky mistake, which alone caused its preservation. The Pantheon, with its dome, is represented in a curious mediævalised form, much resembling the Pisan baptistery; but the other classical buildings appear to be treated as accurately as the artist's very limited knowledge would permit.

Though M. Müntz's plan adds nothing new to our knowledge of the buildings of ancient and mediæval Rome, yet it possesses much interest, and is well worthy of a place among the early pictures of the city which Commendatore de Rossi has collected with such patient care.

J. HENRY MIDDLETON.

## EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

(I.)

## LATEST DISCOVERIES AT NAUKRATIS.

Nebireh, Teh-el-Barud: Dec. 19, 1885.

Work at Naukratis has now fairly begun for this season, and there are about forty or fifty labourers doing day-work, and a hundred or more at piece-work. At first they would not take measured work, but now I am refusing

work to dozens every day, even at threepence the cubic metre. The principal result has been the finding of one of the cemeteries of the Greek town, dating from about early Ptolemaic times at the depth to which we have yet gone, but probably reaching a century or more earlier in its lower parts. The interments so far have not proved rich. The coffins seem to have been of wood, which has entirely perished, leaving only the painted or gilded pottery decorations of bulls' heads, rosettes, and gorgons' heads. Many of these latter have been found, and one griffin. Some terra-cotta statuettes have also turned up here. We are now proceeding, after the first trials, to turn over the whole of the mound above water level. The burials are, in some cases, in earthen coffins, made in two parts, each about three feet long, placed mouth to mouth. But a curious point is the quantity of animal burials found in this purely Greek cemetery. The bones are badly preserved owing to the damp; but we hope the species may be identified. This cemetery mound suggested that another long low mound between it and the town was also a cemetery. The latter is unhappily now covered by a village; but some small excavations can be made without difficulty, and have already revealed burials. The canal was the great highway of Naukratis, by which the Greeks approached it; and these mounds skirt the line which I had previously supposed to be that of the ancient canal.

The temenos of the Dioscuri has been further cleared; and the remains of four pillars of unbaked brick covered with stucco have been found, which probably formed the tetrastyle front of the archaic temple. The cella seems to have been covered with painted stucco (of which some fragments were found last year) coloured in red, yellow, and blue, in chequers and fret patterns.

The temenos of Aphrodite has now been found, though its boundaries are still undetermined. Quantities of fragments of richly figured bowls of the characteristic Naukratis ware—tall bowls faced with white—have been found; and several dedications to Aphrodite show the character of the site.

Of miscellaneous antiquities over sixty weights have been bought up from the people since we came; also many pieces of unworked *tridacna* shell; a part of a sepulchral stele on a marble tablet—comprising a standing and a seated figure, and a boy—of the finest period of Greek work; a bust of a gorgon in terra-cotta; and the usual abundance of terra-cottas, lamps, and stamped diota handles. Mr. Griffith and myself will probably be needed to join in Mr. Gardner's work here more or less for some weeks to come. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

## (II.)

## IDENTIFICATION OF THE CITY OF APIS.

Nebireh, Teh-el-Barud: Dec. 19, 1885.

There has never been much doubt as to the general situation of the third nome of Lower Egypt. Its name 'ament (west), and its position in the nome lists, implied that it lay on the border of the Libyan desert, on the west side of the northern half of the Canopic branch. Its capital was the city of Apis (nu nt Hapi). Amu was another name for this city, or, at least, of an important religious centre in this part of the Delta. At Amu, Hathor was worshipped, and Sekhet, the destroyer of mankind; and here were celebrated festivals to commemorate the time when the wrath of Râ was appeased, and mankind saved from utter destruction.

Last Sunday, December 13, Mr. Petrie, Mr. Gardner, and I walked over to a site, Kom-el-Husn, three hours south of Kom Gaiet (Naukratis). The Kom is an extensive site, on the

south-east of which Mr. Petrie last year copied an inscription mentioning Hathor and Sekhet, "mistress of Amu," of the time of Rameses II. On this occasion I found that the Arabs had unearthed another figure of the same period, again mentioning the "mistress of Amu." This occurrence of the name—the only town name on these monuments—on each of the only two monuments visible there seems to make the identification of Kom-el-Husn with Amu quite certain; and we have now one fixed point in the Libyan nome, which may have stretched northward as far as the Mediterranean Sea, and have included the populous district surrounding the Lake of Mareotis.

F. LL. GRIFFITH.

## NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

M. MASPERO intends to start from Cairo, for his annual archaeological tour in Upper Egypt, on January 10.

We are glad to hear that Mr. William Muir intends to continue his series of facsimiles of the works of Blake. During the past year he has issued to his subscribers, through Mr. Quaritch, facsimiles of "The Songs of Innocence," "The Songs of Experience," and "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," about which we hope to say something shortly. For 1886 he promises "Milton," "Europe," "The Song of Los," and probably also "There is no Natural Religion." The price of these reproductions is necessarily high, for Mr. Muir's conscientious labour is almost entirely hand-work; but the subscriber may console himself with the knowledge that the impression is strictly limited to fifty copies.

MR. A. C. LAMB, of Dundee, has for some years past been collecting sketches, &c., of historical buildings in Dundee which have either already been removed in the course of recent "improvements," or will probably soon share the same fate. Many of these sketches were specially drawn for him by a skilled artist. He now proposes to publish a selection from them in book form, reproduced by lithography, together with brief descriptions of the buildings.

THE *Nation* of December 10 has a review of Mr. J. H. Middleton's *Ancient Rome in 1885*, of which it says:

"In fact, we have here a model handbook, at once interesting enough to read and read through in New York, and thorough enough to supply all needs even of a tolerably enthusiastic student in Rome."

We hear that the book is about to be translated into French for the Paris historical society.

M. C. C. CASATI has reprinted from the *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Inscriptions a paper which he read at two recent meetings entitled "Epigraphie de la Numismatique Etrusque." He starts with the contention that the coinage of Etruria was not borrowed from Rome, but was probably independent even of Greek influence, and was itself the source of the Roman monetary system. He then attempts to prove, chiefly by epigraphical evidence, that the Etruscan coinage covered a much wider area than Etruria proper, extending from Adria and Perugia to Faesulae. He further argues that the division of the bronze *as* into twelve parts is of Etruscan origin, as well as the silver *denarius* = ten *asses*, and a gold coin = five *denarii*. Incidentally, he identifies as Etruscan several pieces of hitherto unknown origin. One of these is a bronze coin of small diameter, bearing on one side a head of Hermes and on the other an owl, with a legend usually read as "Peithesa," of which there are four examples in the British Museum. From another example in the Cabinet des Médailles

M. Casati corrects the legend to "Peiresa," which he identifies with Perugia, Perugia. So again, with some silver coins bearing the legend "Phesl" or "Pheale," which he identifies with Faesulae, Fiesole; and some gold coins bearing the legend "Velsu" and "Velznani" or "Velspapi," which he would connect with Vulsini.

## THE STAGE.

"FAUST" AT THE LYCEUM.

A THEATRICAL production such as that of "Faust" at the Lyceum is like the exhibition of the Royal Academy—before it has been visible to the public for half-a-dozen days it has been so universally talked of that human ingenuity cannot discover anything fresh to say about it. If the exhibition of the Royal Academy revealed a score of new artists with fine and individual qualities there would doubtless be something to say. The barrenness of comment, the poverty of thought about the matter, is due to the fact not only that it is talked of everywhere, but that there is little new to talk about. And with regard to "Faust" it will be much the same. Had Goethe transmitted the MS. from Weimar to Mr. Irving things would have been different; but, as it is, columns on columns written about it will have no real *raison d'être*, except in the exigencies of the newspaper; and of Goethe that must become true which is already true of Shakspeare—Goethe himself is not so bad; Goethe is tolerable. But his commentators! How great must be our sufferings! how faultless our patience!

"Faust," then, is a piece to go and see; it is not a piece to talk about, and we shall engage to be brief. It would be an anachronism to discuss its philosophy in 1885. Its force, its subtlety, its simplicity of beauty—above all, its suggestiveness—are accepted things. The question to be spoken of sincerely narrows itself to this—What is "Faust" as an acting play, and how is it performed at the Lyceum? Do we then leave Mr. Wills out of the question—Mr. Wills, who has adapted and arranged for Mr. Irving's theatre the first and best known part of the tragedy? Well, there are plays in which Mr. Wills—no mere hack playwright, but, at all events, a writer with ambitions—has a right to be considered. He is the author of "The Man o' Airlie," an original piece of conspicuous and rare merit—a bitter satire such as we are seldom presented with at the theatre; and he is the author of the much more popular play of "Charles the First," in which he gives us one of the most picturesque and theatrically appropriate distortions of that monarch possible to literature. But in "Faust" Mr. Wills is inevitably subordinate. In contact with Goethe, what could he do beyond essaying to be faithful? And faithful he has been where his strength has been sufficient. Yet more literal we would have had him if possible. We would have had him forget yet more continuously that he is himself a poet. One star differeth from another star in glory; and the glory of Mr. Wills is at best pale beside Goethe's.

Is "Faust" a good acting play? and how is it performed at the Lyceum? "Faust" is not essentially an acting play, but it is performed at the Lyceum almost perfectly.



"Faust" is not, speaking broadly, a good acting play, because it is much more the history of a soul than the history of people's careers. It has no intricate story—no puzzle, for the solution of which the playgoer impatiently waits. Faust is a little weary; Mephistopheles promises him pleasure. He chaperones him to within reach of Margaret, and, later, to the Brocken. Faust is in love with Margaret, and finds no rival. Margaret is in love with Faust, and bears a child by him. Her people scoff at her; she is imprisoned and dies; but the angels report her safety. Mephistopheles beckons Faust, "Hither to me," and they depart together—not at all, it seems, to Mephistopheles' fitting abode, but upon further excursions. This is all plain sailing; it is narrative; it is not dramatic; it has no intricate plot. Nor has it very much of comedy. And, accordingly, it must lose at the theatre. How, then, is it acted? Well, it is acted in such a fashion as to lose as little as possible. Never, certainly, in England, never, probably, in Germany, has it been represented with a skill so brilliant, a stage-craft so authoritative. The parts, of course, are not performed with uniform excellence. Valentine is a character that could never be attractive, and in the moment in which he is stirred to denounce his sister, is scarcely tolerable. Mr. Alexander plays that part with intensity, but we are not led to feel that the young man's high ideal of the lady was caused by his brotherly love for her. Little, indeed, remains in proof of that love—a bitter hatred of her fault would seem to be its only evidence. With Mr. Conway's Faust some discontent has been expressed. And his is assuredly not the philosophic Faust, but the more ordinary and comely young man. As a student of life, pondering its secrets, he has not much value. As a lover he will do very well. Mephistopheles is played by Mr. Irving as completely as was expected by those somewhat limited observers of his acting and of his temperament who hold that to play Mephistopheles is the purpose for which he was created. There are still some people who, never being satisfied with Mr. Irving in characters that involve youth, grace, romance, and elevation of sentiment, or manly bravery, or some pathos, deem that they display a generous impartiality when they allow his excellence in the representation of elaborate villainy. That they are careful to claim for him, and in claiming it, they hold that they are as critical as they are generous. The pretension is absurd. Parts like Philip the Second in Lord Tennyson's "Queen Mary," parts like Richard the Third, like Louis the Eleventh, like Mephistopheles, are played by Mr. Irving with grasp, and energy, and extraordinary completeness. He is alive to their grim humour, as well as to their abundant revelation of meanness, lust, and cruelty. But we are only misjudging him if we fall into the facile error of forgetting that because he is faultless in these parts, they are his best parts. The truth is, these characters are the most salient. They take the common eye most easily. Effects reached in them lie more upon the surface. They are hardly, on that account, the most artistic; nor is it fair that Mr. Irving should, by reason of his success in them, be associated chiefly with the embodi-

ment of even the most inspired villainies. His Mephistopheles is brilliant and complete—we shall not pay him the ill compliment of saying that it is better than his Hamlet, his Shylock, or his Macbeth. Miss Ellen Terry is, of course, a most engaging Margaret; and Mrs. Stirling, as Martha, is a very wicked widow. The scenery is gorgeous and impressive: so impressive is it, that the most exacting of young children may safely be taken to see it this Christmas instead of a pantomime. They will recognise in Mr. Irving, as a purveyor of stage surprises, Mr. Augustus Harris's only possible rival.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## MUSIC.

### RECENT MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*Dictionary of Music and Musicians.* (Part 21.) By Sir G. Grove. (Macmillan.) This part takes us down to "Water-music," so, at length, we are getting near to the end of the work. The article "Wagner," by Mr. E. Dannreuther, is ably written; and, though contributed by a friend of the master, shows, on the whole, fairness and discrimination. The principal facts of Wagner's life are, of course, well known, but Mr. Dannreuther supplies many little facts and reminiscences full of interest. The articles on "Violin," by E. J. P., on "Violin Playing," by P. D., on "Virginals," by Mr. Hopkins, and on "Vogler," by the Rev. J. H. Mee, are of special importance. Why are Leonardo da Vinci and the two Ferrara composers, Alfonso and Francesco Viola, not mentioned? Under "Walküre," the date of the first performance of "Siegfried" is given, but not that of "Die Walküre" itself, which was August 14, 1878.

*A Concise Dictionary of Musical Terms.* By F. Niecks. (Augener.) This useful book has reached a second edition. The author has carefully revised the list of musical terms and made many small but important alterations.

*The Home Hymn-Book.* (Novello.) This is a manual of sacred song intended specially for the family circle. No pains seem to have been spared in trying to make the collection of hymns and tunes interesting and suitable. Among the authors of hymns we find the names of the eminent American poets, Bryant, Wendell Holmes, and Whittier. Ninety new tunes have been written expressly for the work by Messrs. C. A. Barry, Birket Foster, Berthold Tours, and others.

*Carols.* By the Rev. A. Young. (Burns & Oates.) This is a Roman Catholic publication. Some of the tunes are pretty; but in his endeavours to make Christmas merry and Easter joyous, the composer sometimes gets jerky and employs uncomfortable harmonies and progressions.

*Carols for Christmastide.* By A. H. Brown. (T. Bosworth.) A small collection. Some of the number are attractive, and all well harmonised.

*Italian Suite.* By J. Raff. Arranged for Piano. (Metzler.) Raff was never at a loss for a tune; and the four movements of this suite are full of ear-catching melodies, which are treated, as the title suggests, quite à l'italienne. If not a great work, it is a pleasing one. It is well arranged, both for two and for four hands; but as a duet it is naturally more effective. The Barcarolle and Tarantelle are likely to prove the most popular numbers.

*A new Toy Symphony.* By Desmond L. Ryan. (Metzler.) This bright and clever composition for piano, strings, and a collection of toy instruments similar to those used by Haydn and Romberg in their Toy Symphonies, will be an attraction to schools. The music shows an experienced hand; and the finale, with its medley of popular airs, is highly amusing. The parts for the instruments are easy to play; and, if only as an ensemble lesson, the symphony will be found useful.

OF instrumental pieces we would name the following:—*Suite.* For Pianoforte. By W. Bowling. (Leipzig: Kistner.) The Menuetto is charming, the Adagio vague, the Rondo too flashy and uncomfortably difficult.—*Prelude and Fugue.* By M. Buchanan. (London Music Publishing Agency.) An ambitious but not altogether successful attempt in one of the most difficult forms of musical art.—*Queen Henrietta's Coranto.* Arranged for Piano. By E. M. Lott. This air, said to have been composed by Lord Commissioner Whitelocke, is set in easy and simple fashion.—*The Gentle Shepherd.* Idyll for Piano. By G. B. Allen. (Wood.) Well written, but rather sentimental.—*May Morn.* By W. Macfarren. (R. Ashdown.) A light and well-written teaching piece.—*Sonatina in F.* For Violin and Piano. By J. C. Beazley. (Wood.) Some of the writing is promising, but some weak. The short middle movements, Romance and Scherzo, are decidedly the best. The last movement, although not in rondo form, is called a Rondo.—*Three Sketches for Piano and Violin.* By Williams-Williams. (Edwin Ashdown.) Short, simple pieces. The accompaniments at times show a careless or inexperienced hand.

MESSRS. METZLER send us a quantity of dance music suitable for the season—*A Christmas Album*, the famous *Jersey Lily Polka*, *Marzials' Dream-Love Waltz*, the popular *Sonnenschein Waltz*, &c.

OF vocal music we would notice:—*O, Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem* (Anthem) and *Surge Illuminare* (Motett). By G. F. Cobb. (London Music Publishing Agency.) Two interesting specimens of sacred music, which ought to find their way into the churches.—*Album of Six Songs.* By W. Bowling. Op. 2. (Marriott & Williams.) The composer has talent, but must beware of writing too quickly. Like many beginners he relies too much on effects of harmony. His melody is at times very tame.—*My Castle.* By F. G. Webb. (Novello.) A smoothly-written and effective song. The opening phrase recalls a well-known air of Balfe's.—*Only one Heart and When the Boats come Home.* Songs. By S. Smith. (Edwin Ashdown.) Ballads of a mild and harmless kind.—*Bird of the Wilderness*, by W. O. Jones (Ashdown); *Out of the Mist*, by H. Loge (Ascherberg); *Country Courtship*, by L. Diehl (Metzler); are three songs, sentimental but pretty.—*Christabel*, by Flotow; *Which will it be*, by Taubert; and *The Arrow and the Song*, by Gounod (Metzler); have their authors' names to recommend them.

*The Organists' Quarterly Journal*, Part 68 (Novello), commences with a long and rather rambling Fantasia on the ancient melody, *O Filii et Filiae*, by Alan Gray. The next piece is an Allegretto by the editor, Dr. Spark. The first part is light and not unpleasant; but the middle section in F, though commencing well, soon becomes vapid. The Fugue by Dr. J. Bradford shows some solid writing, but the harmonies at times become involved.

*Grand March for the Organ.* By F. Robinson. (Wood.) Bright and effective.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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